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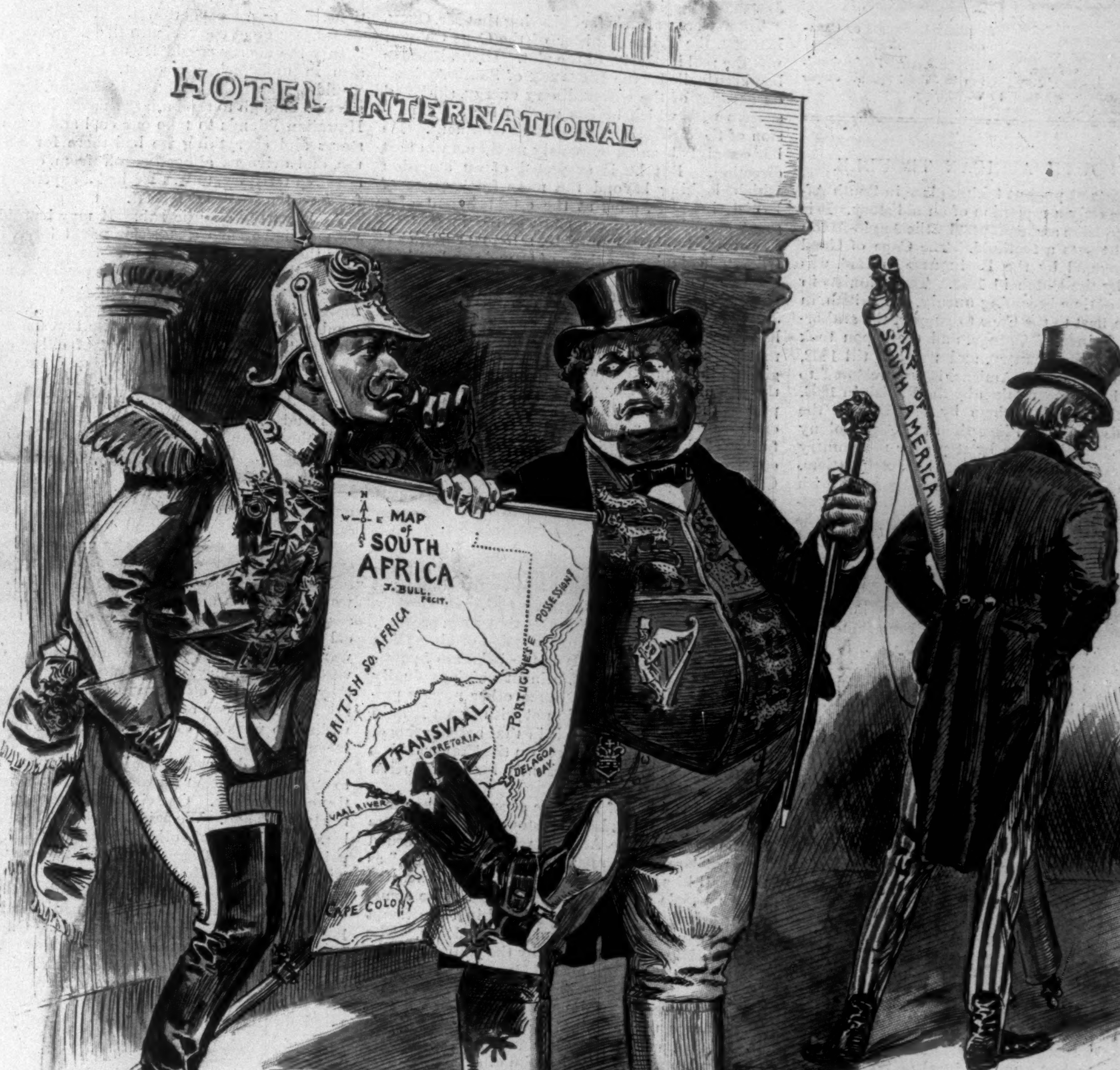
HOTEL INTERNATIONAL
N S E W
MAP of SOUTH AFRICA
J. BULL FECIT.
BRITISH SO. AFRICA
TRANSVAAL
PRETORIA
PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS
DELAGOA BAY
VAAL RIVER
CAPE COLONY
MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA
W. A. Rogers

NOW WILLIAM PUTS HIS FOOT IN IT.

JONATHAN. "Brother Bull seems to be a trifle techy about hevin' *his* map spiled, as well as I be."

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New York City, January 18, 1896.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN TROUBLE.

THE events at present taking place in South Africa are only a repetition of an old story. It is that of aggression and conquest by the Anglo-Saxon wherever he gets a foothold. The Cape of Good Hope, discovered by the Portuguese in 1486, was colonized by the Dutch in 1652. The colonists in the course of time becoming unruly, the British, in 1795, sent a fleet to the Cape to support the authority of the Prince of Orange, and thereupon took possession of the country, and ruled it till 1802, when, at the Peace of Amiens, it was restored to Holland; but it was retaken by the British in 1806, and formally ceded to them by the King of the Netherlands in 1815. Since then the Cape Colony has been expanding step by step over the country beyond its original boundaries. The Dutch settlers, "Boers" (farmers), soon became dissatisfied with British rule. Between 1833 and 1837 they migrated northward, and after many hard fights with the natives, founded the two commonwealths of the "Orange Free State" and the "South African Republic," or Transvaal, to the north and northeast of the Cape Colony. Taking advantage of internal troubles, the British attempted to annex to their possessions, first the Orange Free State, and subsequently the Transvaal Republic; but in both instances they were worsted by the Boers, who by force of arms maintained their independence as to their home government, yielding, however, for the Transvaal, to Great Britain certain rights of suzerainty as to their political intercourse with foreign powers.

Meanwhile the Boer republics were gradually flanked by further British acquisitions, and a heavy stream of British immigration flowed into them—a stream which became a torrent after the discovery of rich gold-fields on their territory. The British immigrants, re-enforced by gold-hunters of all nations, soon outnumbered the Boers in the Transvaal, and then began to clamor for the removal of the restrictions which in the Boer republics exclude "Uitlanders" (foreigners) from the exercise of political privileges. The Boers resisted this demand as long as possible, well knowing that if they granted it fully, the ousting of the Boers from the government and the annexation of the two republics to the British possessions would speedily follow. The reluctance of the Boers to adopt a more liberal policy was therefore not unnatural. On the other hand, it was also natural that it irritated the "Uitlanders," who had to pay most of the taxes without having any share in the government. They recently planned an uprising against those in power, which was to be aided by the invasion of the Transvaal by a band of British filibusters under the leadership of Dr. Jameson. Owing to the energetic action of the Boer government and to the bravery of the Boer militia, the whole affair ended in a signal defeat of the invaders and a collapse of the insurrection.

But the victory of the Boer government can, after all, be regarded only as a precarious one. The causes which brought about this disturbance will not cease to work. The British immigrants in the Transvaal Republic will not desist from demanding equal political rights. The gold mines will continue to attract adventurers in large numbers, and thus greatly strengthen the ranks of the malcontents. The Transvaal government, which, in the hour of victory, has already promised to redress, to some extent at least, the grievances of

the "Uitlanders," will at last find it very difficult to deny them their full share, and it is hard to see how the party which would unite the Boer republics with the British colonies is eventually to be kept from obtaining control, unless other influences intervene. This is, indeed, not altogether impossible. The movement has undoubtedly for the present been checked by the disastrous failure of the attempt to accelerate it by violence. The British government made a demonstrative effort, which was unquestionably sincere, to stop this attempt in its progress. Not as if Great Britain had on all former occasions been unwilling to take advantage of the results of similar lawless enterprises when they were successful. But, aside from all moral considerations, it was too shrewd not to see that if it subjected itself to the imputation of favoring so barefaced and high-handed an act of freebooting, it would defy the sense of decency among civilized nations to a dangerous degree. But it had still another reason for disapproving of the Jameson conspiracy.

There were grounds for believing that Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, was the real instigator of the plot. Cecil Rhodes has been called "the Bismarck of South Africa," on account of the extraordinary energy, skill, and success with which he has worked for the expansion of the British Empire on that continent. He has certainly been an extremely useful man in that direction. But he is suspected of an ambition which, looking beyond the mere furtherance of British interests, aims at the establishment of a great confederacy of commonwealths in that region, at first to be substantially self-governing confederated colonies like those of Canada and of Australia, but ultimately to become the free and independent "United States of South Africa." Had the Jameson enterprise been crowned with success, and had then Mr. Cecil Rhodes revealed himself as the moving spirit of it, the achievement would have given him a prestige well calculated to facilitate the pursuit of ulterior plans very distasteful to the powers that be. If the British government really entertained such a suspicion of Cecil Rhodes, the failure of the Jameson adventure furnished a welcome opportunity for throwing him overboard. Cecil Rhodes has indeed promptly resigned from the Premiership of the Cape Colony. But he is still a young man, and the world may hear from him again. At any rate, however much the British government may desire the eventual addition of the Transvaal to its African possessions, it is probably well content now that this event should not be precipitated by a freebooting raid.

There is still something else that may prevent, or at least retard, the transformation or absorption of the Boer republics. It is the balance-of-power question on the African Continent which gradually comes into prominence. Some other powers possessing African colonies do not wish Great Britain to grow stronger than she is in that neighborhood, and the filibustering attack upon the Transvaal has furnished a welcome opportunity for an assertion of that sentiment.

There is an air of romance about those communities of simple-minded and stout-hearted farmers in the depth of the African wilderness, governed by a patriarchal old man, "Oom [uncle] Paul," as they call him, as simple-minded and stout-hearted as his people are; and there seemed to be something peculiarly brutal and wicked in the attempt made upon their peace and independence. The congratulatory despatch sent by the young German Emperor to the victorious old Transvaal President, undiplomatic as it was, appealed therefore to people's feelings as a sort of chivalrous demonstration. That it was received in England with great disfavor is not surprising. It seemed not only studiously to ignore the British claim of suzerainty over the Transvaal, but also to give plain notice that Germany, with other powers similarly interested behind her, would do all she could to prevent the British African possessions from being enlarged at the expense of the integrity of the Boer republics. This occurrence, whatever excitement it may at first have caused in London, is not likely to lead to war; but it may lead to diplomatic conferences about the partition of Africa, in which the demand for guarantees of the independence of the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State will certainly play an important part.

There is no doubt, however, that Great Britain will remain by far the strongest power in South Africa. Her colonies occupy most of that part of the continent in which white men can live and work, and her colonists are not only more enterprising, adventurous, and aggressive than those of other nations, but they are permitted to give their energies free rein, not being constantly looked after and regulated in their movements by government scribes or drill-sergeants.

JINGO STATESMANSHIP.

In his recent speech on the Monroe doctrine Senator Lodge made the following remark: "At the last session of Congress I called the attention of the Senate and of the country to the manner in which England had absorbed the islands of the Pacific, and to the necessity of our controlling the Hawaiian Islands—a necessity which becomes more pressing every day." What Senator Lodge means when he speaks of "controlling" the Hawaiian Islands is well known. He means that we should annex the Hawaiian Islands to the United States. As the Venezuelan flurry has put the contingency of a war between the United States and Great Britain, however remotely, among the possibilities of the future, it is well to consider what the situation would be if the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, the necessity of which Senator Lodge has long thought so pressing, had really taken place. Senator Lodge undoubtedly believes that in case of war the possession of coaling-stations and naval depots on the Hawaiian Islands would be a great convenience to us. So it would, if only the enemy would let us enjoy that possession in undisturbed comfort. But the enemy would, without the slightest hesitation, be inconsiderate enough to send a large naval force to the Hawaiian Islands to take our coal and our naval stores and everything we had there for his own use, and drive us altogether off from our newly acquired territory, unless we had a superior naval force on the spot to defend it.

And just there is the rub. It may be said that we may have such a superior naval force, if not now then at some future time. So we may. We may build and maintain a more powerful fleet of war-vessels than Great Britain has, or, for that matter, than Great Britain, France, and Germany combined have; and we can raise and maintain a larger standing army than that of either or any two of those powers. Thus equipped, we can fortify and garrison the Hawaiian Islands, and conquer and fortify and garrison any number of islands and other "outposts" in the Pacific and in any other ocean, which we shall "need" to protect one another. Certainly we can do this. It will only be necessary to raise the required amount of money by taxation from year to year. This amount will have to be very large. Such things as raising and maintaining armies and fleets cost in proportion very much more in this country than in others, owing to our expensive, not to say wasteful, habits, and to other local circumstances. We would, when once well engaged in the business of acquiring "outposts" and "commanding strategical positions" and the like, also have our occasional wars, big and little, which would likewise cost us vast sums of money, much more in proportion than they would cost other countries. For we must not forget that our war expenses are not only large while the wars go on, but that they do not stop when the wars end.

This point deserves special consideration. Owing to our lavish pension system our war expenses continue indefinitely. Our civil war ceased more than thirty years ago. We paid last year in round numbers 140 millions of dollars in pensions. We have paid as much as 160 millions. We flatter ourselves with the hope that the pension-roll will soon decrease. But there are several hundred thousand claims in the Pension Office still unadjudicated, and pensioners are notoriously long-lived. One would think that the expenses of the Mexican war, which happened fifty years ago, should by this time have come to an end. But there are still from that war 12,586 veterans and 7868 veterans' widows on the pension-rolls, and the repeal of the restriction excluding those who subsequently served in the Confederate army will considerably increase that number. One would think that the supply of pensioners of the war of 1812, which happened more than eighty years ago, would be exhausted. By no means. There are still 21 veterans and 3826 widows of the war of 1812 on the pension-roll. But have not at least the expenses of the Revolutionary war, which closed about 110 years ago, ceased by this time? Not quite. The pension-roll still contains the names of 12 widows or daughters of Revolutionary soldiers. We may therefore expect to pay pensions to veterans of our civil war or their widows until the middle of the next century. This suffices to show that a few wars in addition to those we have had would, in the matter of pensions alone, put an enormous financial burden upon the people, and that any policy involving the maintenance and use of large military and naval establishments would, for this single reason, be to this country immeasurably more costly than a similar policy is to any other.

Assuming, however, that the American people are able and willing to bear all these loads—what would they get in return that they cannot get otherwise? For what purpose, let us ask our Jingoes, do they want to acquire outlying possessions, "outposts," "strategical keys," and the like all over the world, which require the maintenance of big armaments? Of course, only to guard our "rights," and especially our commerce. Now we ask them to look over our past history and then tell us whether, ever since the war of 1812, our rights have not been successfully maintained, and our commerce has not had all the necessary protection, although we did not have outlying possessions, or outposts, or keys, or a big navy? Is it not true that we have not had to suffer any insult, that our foreign commerce has been unmolested, and has freely expanded wherever the enterprise of our merchants chose to carry it, and that if it has not expanded more it was because our merchants did not carry it any farther, and also because its development was hampered by our home policy? And if this was the case while we were a much feebler nation than at present, why should we be hysterical about it since we have become in some respects the most powerful nation in the world?

We have tried the "outpost" policy once—in Samoa. There was much excitement about it, and at one time we were on the verge of a war with Germany in consequence of it. We carried our point diplomatically and got a "foothold" there. And what benefit have we derived from it? Not the slightest. It has only involved us in irksome responsibilities which we cannot too soon get rid of. And as to Hawaii, what commercial advantages can we expect to have that we have not already, and that no other nation will take away from us at the risk of a dangerous quarrel? None whatever. And the advantages we do enjoy, in Hawaii as well as elsewhere, we have without being burdened with the slightest responsibility for anything outside of our continental stronghold. Why, then, this shouting for a policy of needless adventure and costly armaments to support it? Are the American people so senselessly tired of their precious privilege and their glorious distinction of being the only great nation in the world which does not consume its substance by the support of great war establishments that they should sacrifice this blessing not only without gaining anything for it, but for the certainty of becoming needlessly involved in the quarrels of the outside world, of giving up their best political traditions, and of forfeiting the boon of peaceful development? Of all the freaks of our time this Jingo statesmanship is the silliest and the most reckless.

THE OFFER OF BONDS.

On Monday, January 6th, the Secretary of the Treasury issued a circular inviting bids for one hundred millions of four per cent. bonds of 1925, to be paid for in gold coin; bids to be presented on or before February 5th, when one-fifth of the purchase price must be paid, the remainder in four equal instalments at intervals of ten days thereafter. Until this circular appeared there was a general belief that an agreement had already been substantially made between the government and a syndicate of bankers to take the entire loan and furnish the gold from Europe or from bank stores without drawing any from the Treasury. The new plan came as a shock to the business community, and has prolonged the suspense and increased the anxiety of the public in the contemplation of the embarrassed condition of our public finances.

The most sagacious and experienced students of finance are perplexed by the situation, and show no agreement in their views of the probable result of this transaction. Some have been alarmed lest the very popularity of the bonds should defeat the purpose of the issue. With less than sixty millions of dollars available in the Treasury for the redemption of one hundred and thirty-eight millions of greenbacks and Treasury notes, all payable in gold on demand, it is evident that, if the holders of these notes wish to fund them in the new bonds, they can soon exhaust the reduced reserve and force the government to repudiate its pledge. Moreover, the growing distrust in the soundness of the currency, it is apprehended, may lead to the withdrawal of considerable sums for private hoards. The first impression of the circular upon the general mind was one of alarm at the havoc which might thus be wrought in the Treasury holdings during the thirty days allowed for bids.

But there are many influences tending to check such movements as these. Money is too useful in the actual work it does from day to day, and its productiveness in interest is too important, for any large amount of hoarding to be practised, unless in the utterly remote and improbable case of imminent danger to the whole fabric of our currency. It is not the habit of an enlightened and enterprising community to hide its gold. Even during the civil war, when the notes of the government sank to less than half their nominal value, hardly any gold was hoarded; and the authorities of the mint, who, in 1873, estimated the amount in the country at $135,000,000, on the assumption that the people must have concealed a substantial sum during the suspension of specie payments, were afterwards compelled to confess that the guess was far too great, and that there had really been very little more in the country than the visible supply. If the reserve is depleted before bids are opened, then, it will be by withdrawals for export or for the purchase of bonds. But there is little inducement to take Treasury notes, which are earning interest, out of an already strained money market and exchange them for gold to lie idle in the doubtful hope of obtaining a good investment. There are too many ways of employing the cash profitably for this to be a strong temptation, at least unless more were known than can yet be discerned as to the price at which the bonds will be awarded. As for the demand for export, there are indications that its commercial stimulus is nearly exhausted, and that it will become formidable only if political influences should increase distrust.

The importance of the method adopted by the government for replenishing the reserve probably lies almost wholly in its educational character. There is no reason to believe that the loan will be made in any sense popular. The masses of the American people do not invest in government bonds at three or three and a half per cent. They make more productive use of their savings. Only the large accumulations of funds in the various kinds of banks and in trusts are commonly invested thus. Moreover, the individual citizens who save their money prefer to put it in savings-banks or other agencies, through which it keeps active, and to let the investment of it be made by those whose business it is. They have no stockings and drawers full of gold, such as are common in France, where the customs of civilization in the handling of money are less developed than here. No considerable part of the proposed issue of bonds will be taken by private investors. Probably nine-tenths of the whole will go to associations of bankers. But the offer to the public will have done good if it serve once for all to end the wild and vain talk of demagogues in the press and in Congress who imagine that their clamor for "a popular loan" will be welcomed by the ignorant as the voice of patriotism.

The circular, and the effect it has had in suspending enterprise and promoting distrust, ought to teach a yet more valuable lesson. There has never in human history been a nation which entered on a new year with such resources for prosperity as those of the United States at the beginning of 1896. Undisturbed peace, bountiful crops, rapidly diminishing debt, increasing comfort, enterprise, contentment, and wealth have marked, on the whole, our career in recent years. There is not, in the condition of the country, a drawback to its prospect of general and undisturbed national happiness except the mismanagement by our government of the instrument of exchange—the currency. Let this be made what the money of the other leading nations, of England, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, is and has long been, and, as every economist and every intelligent reader knows, there is no country on earth which could compare with this in its assurance of prosperity. If there are dismay and apprehension in our markets, paralysis in our enterprise, distrust, fear, and almost panic among those who have accumulated property, and anxiety and privation among the earners of daily bread, all these are due to laws by which our politicians have defied truth, science, and experience in attempting to make something out of nothing.

Mr. Charles S. Fairchild, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, has suggested a strong objection to any offer of bonds for gold only to the exclusion of notes which the Treasury is pledged to redeem on demand. Such discrimination tends to excite distrust and to increase the pressure for redemption, while it affords no real protection to the reserve, since a purchaser of bonds can draw out gold for greenbacks as readily as it is drawn for export or for hoarding. This is true, and sound principle certainly requires a government which is bound to maintain the parity of all forms of currency, not to discriminate against a part of it. But the argument is as good for other kinds of money as for greenbacks. In consistency the bonds ought to be sold for any dollars recognized by law, whether in gold, silver, or paper. Unfortunately, an offer on this basis would be disastrous, since it would promise a vast increase of debt, and a severe contraction of the resources of the market, without relief to the government's weak point. Mr. Carlisle has taken what seems the safest course, to acknowledge the truth, an immediate need of gold, and to demand that it be directly met.

THE SENATE AND THE PEOPLE.

The arguments of the framers of the Constitution in favor of "a well-constructed Senate" read very queerly in view of the spectacle now presented at Washington by the object of their solicitude and confidence. "However requisite a sense of national character may be," it is observed in No. 63 of the *Federalist*, "it is evident that it can never be sufficiently possessed by a numerous and changeable body. It can only be found in a number so small that a sensible degree of the praise and blame of public measures may be the portion of each individual, or in an assembly so durably invested with public trust that the pride and consequence of its members may be sensibly incorporated with the reputation and prosperity of the community." "In critical moments," the author goes on, "how salutary will be the interference of some temperate and respectable body of citizens in order to check the misguided career and to suspend the blow meditated by the people against themselves until reason, justice, and truth can regain their authority over the public mind."

If this were written now, every one would accept it as intended only in irony. The "sense of national character" shown by the Jingoes of the Senate would be compared with the sense of individual responsibility of the "Senators from Havemeyer," and the freedom from passing delusions exhibited by the silver Senators. The inequality of representation in the Senate, a concession made to secure the acceptance of the Constitution by the smaller States, was expected to lose its importance with time. But the most flagrant anomalies in this respect are of recent creation. Repeatedly it has happened that a State has been admitted, and empowered to send two Senators to Washington, with a population that entitled it only to a fraction of one Representative. The most flagrant anomaly of all, Nevada, is less populous now than when it was admitted thirty years ago. But two public-spirited persons nevertheless continue to send themselves to the Senate from it to speak for silver. There are already something like a dozen Senators representing an aggregate of population and wealth less than that of the State of New York. The admission of Utah, though by no means in these respects an extreme instance, yet adds to the power, and apparently, in the most immediately important respect, to the disposition of the Senate to resist the triumph of "reason, justice, and truth," of the conservative and intelligent elements in the community.

The increase of numbers in the Senate is in itself an evil, inasmuch as it both hinders deliberation and diminishes that sense of individual responsibility for the action of the body which Hamilton thought so important. With a Senate approaching a membership of one hundred it is becoming idle to talk of this responsibility. That the Senators are "durably invested with public trust" is to many of them a fact, valuable because it enables them to defy public opinion—even the public opinion of their own States. If Gorman and Brice had been Representatives only, obliged to appeal every two years to their constituents, the tariff scandal of last year could scarcely have been so scandalous. The people of their States could take revenge upon them only indirectly by converting Maryland into a Republican State, and by rolling up a Republican majority almost unprecedented in Ohio. Yet these Senators, thus decisively rebuked and rejected, who have apparently assured their own ultimate displacement, remain in the mean time leaders of their party in the Senate with Hill and Murphy, against whom the people of New York have declared by a majority of more than 100,000. It is agreed upon all hands that the chief obstacle to sane and safe financial legislation, by which the government could immediately save many millions, and by which it could ultimately save the necessity of negotiating any currency loan, is presented by "the temperate and respectable body of citizens" of whom the people are so weary, and against whom they seem to be so helpless.

MAYOR STRONG'S MESSAGE.

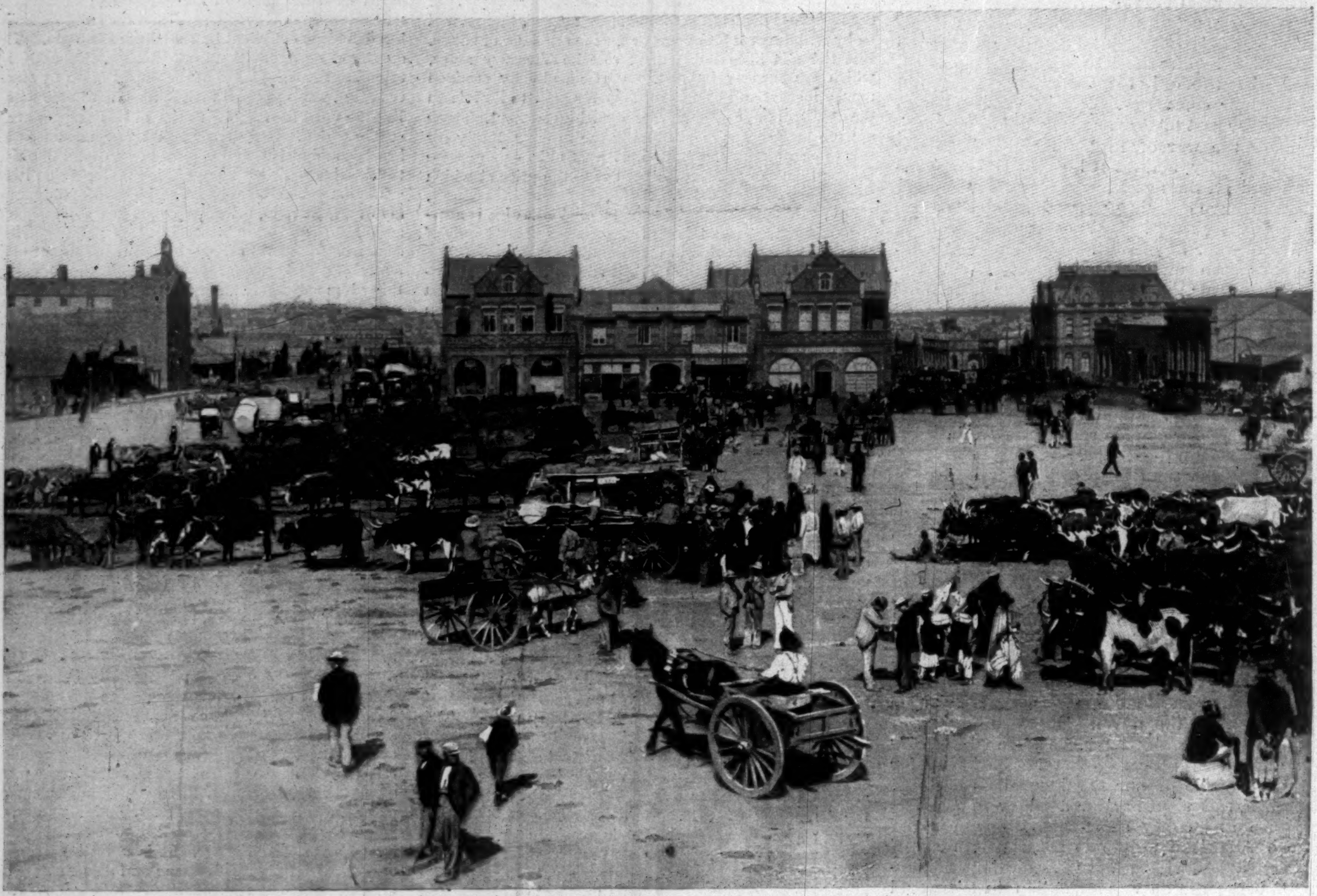
Mayor Strong's annual message, marking the close of the first year of a serious and active attempt to secure real municipal reform in New York city, is altogether commendable in spirit and satisfactory in the main as to the showing of results accomplished. Although the Mayor's practice may not have been wholly consistent with his theory, there can be no doubt of the soundness of his views.

One of the undoubted successes of the administration has been the Department of Street-Cleaning, and it is interesting to note that the Mayor declares that the success in cleaning the streets has been achieved because the department was absolutely out of "the reach of politics."

All believers in good government will also rejoice in the stand the Mayor takes in upholding the enforcement of the excise laws by the Police Commissioners. Numerous hints have been thrown out since the recent election that the Mayor would censure the methods of the Police Commissioners for simply obeying their oaths of office. Happily this is not so. He declares that the "primal principle must be observed, that the laws enacted must be enforced until they are repealed." Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues have stood on precisely that same ground, and the result has been a distinct advance in public regard for law as law, and in increased self-respect as a community. The fact that the Mayor advocates an election to settle the question of Sunday opening of saloons in no way lessens the degree of his ardor in sustaining the commendable efforts of his subordinates to obey what should be the simplest rule of conduct for public office-holders.

Moreover, the Mayor declares that it is only by the enforcement of laws on the statute-books that public sentiment can be created to bring about the repeal of such laws as may be unnecessarily oppressive. Whatever objection, therefore, there may be to the present excise statutory regulations, there should be no objection by law-abiding citizens to their enforcement. The Police Commissioners as a result of this may continue in the course which they have followed consistently with the undoubted approval of the masses of the citizens, not only conscious of their own rectitude, but also with a knowledge of the active approval and support of the city's chief magistrate. This of itself is a momentous advance in the administration of municipal affairs.

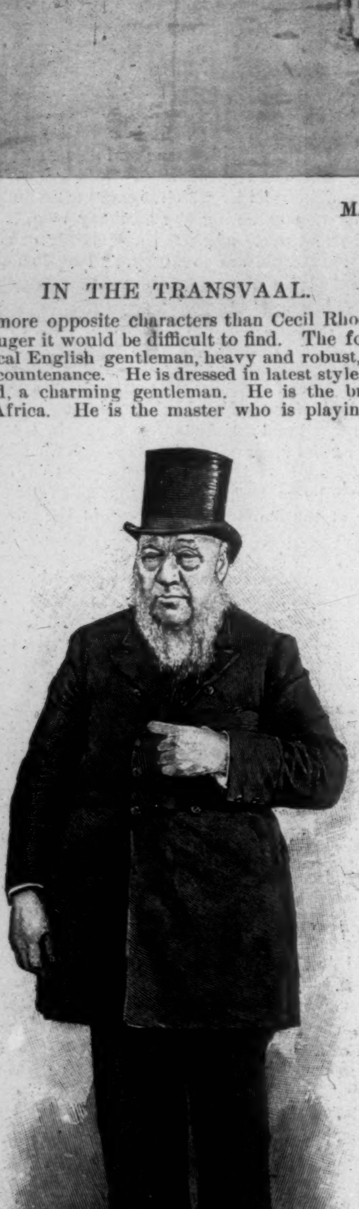
It is also most pleasing to note that the Mayor takes a high position on civil service reform. He declares that it is "a substantial and permanent force in municipal administration," and that as a result of following the recommendations of his Civil Service Commissioners the "city of New York leads in the exactness of its requirements, the grade of its examinations, and the care in the selection of appointees almost every city in the United States."



MARKET SQUARE, JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Two more opposite characters than Cecil Rhodes and Paul Kruger it would be difficult to find. The former is the typical English gentleman, heavy and robust, and of a florid countenance. He is dressed in latest style, is well educated, a charming gentleman. He is the brains of South Africa. He is the master who is playing chess with Paul Kruger as his opponent, and so far the old Boer has checkmated the Briton in every game.



PAUL KRUGER,
President of the South African Republic.

Paul Kruger is the typical Boer, with all that that implies. He is nearly six feet tall, of heavy build, stooping shoulders, immensely long arms, and wears home-made clothes of a very ancient pattern. He would never be called beautiful by even his most ardent admirer, for he is about the homeliest man in existence. His eyes are small and almost hidden under bunches of fat; his nose is big and immensely broad; his mouth is large and unattractive; under his chin he wears a fringe of gray hair—he resembles nothing so much as a huge gorilla.

And yet despite all these drawbacks Paul Kruger is a brilliant man. He is shrewd, intelligent, amiable, generous, and possessed of a diplomatic instinct that is remarkable, as has been proved many a time in his contest with the British.

Although at present a private citizen, Mr. Rhodes still holds two great offices—the managing director of the De Beers Diamond Mining Company, which employs some 10,000 able-bodied men, and the managing director of the British South Africa Company, with a fully armed force of 5000 men. That is why Mr. Rhodes is still a power in South Africa. He has millions, he has 15,000 men, and he has the support of 100,000 Englishmen living in South Africa. It is only a question of time when Mr. Rhodes (if he lives) will again make the attempt to attain his ambition.

Johannesburg, the seat of the trouble, stands on what was formerly the farm of a Boer named Bezuidenhout. For nearly five years after the discovery of gold in 1886 every nail, every ounce of wood, in fact everything that was needed for the building of a city, had to be carted 300 miles by ox-wagon from Kimberley. Johannesburg, however, rose by magic, and in three years had 70,000 inhabitants, fine public buildings, theatres, hotels, electric lights, and everything except civilization. It had a stock-exchange in which millions changed hands daily, and it had bar-rooms.

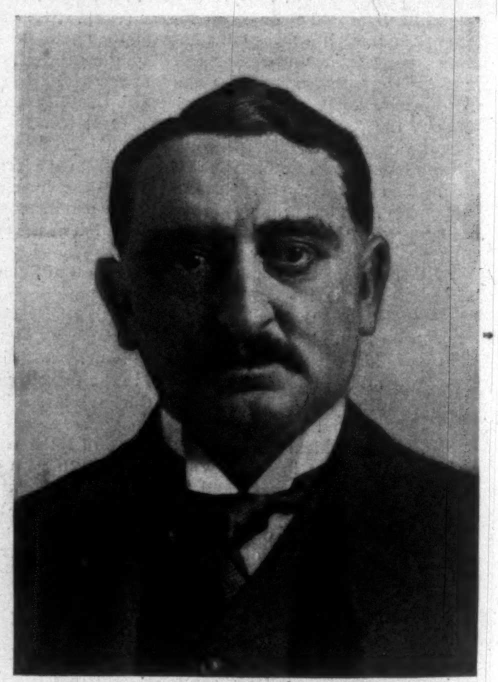
Perhaps the most interesting time at which to see Johannesburg is early in the morning, when Market Square is covered from end to end with wagons filled with produce and freight. Each wagon is drawn by from ten to forty head of cattle. It is a picturesque sight. The huge oxen lie resting, chewing their cuds reflectively. The Kaffir boys are unloading wagons, the Boers in charge are swearing at them most eloquently, while a native policeman, dressed mainly in the club he carries, superintends the whole affair. An average day sees as many as three to four thousand head of cattle in the square at once, with hundreds more waiting along the roads for standing-room.

Another interesting spot is the corner of the post-office in Commissioner Street. That is the meeting-place of the whole town. Everybody goes there to get mail, and of course everybody meets and talks and gossips. Every nationality under the sun is to be seen here. There is the Boer in his corduroy riding-suit, whip in hand and pipe in mouth; there is the Englishman newly arrived, with his peaked cap; there is the Malay, with turban on head and arrayed in gorgeous silks; and last, but not least, are the natives. As a rule the natives wear very little clothing, and what they do wear is grotesque in the extreme.

A favorite costume with the men consists of a full-dress coat, a silk hat—but nothing else. The women wore even less until the government issued an order compelling them to don mother-hubbards. They did so, but evaded the spirit of the law by tying the dresses around their necks.

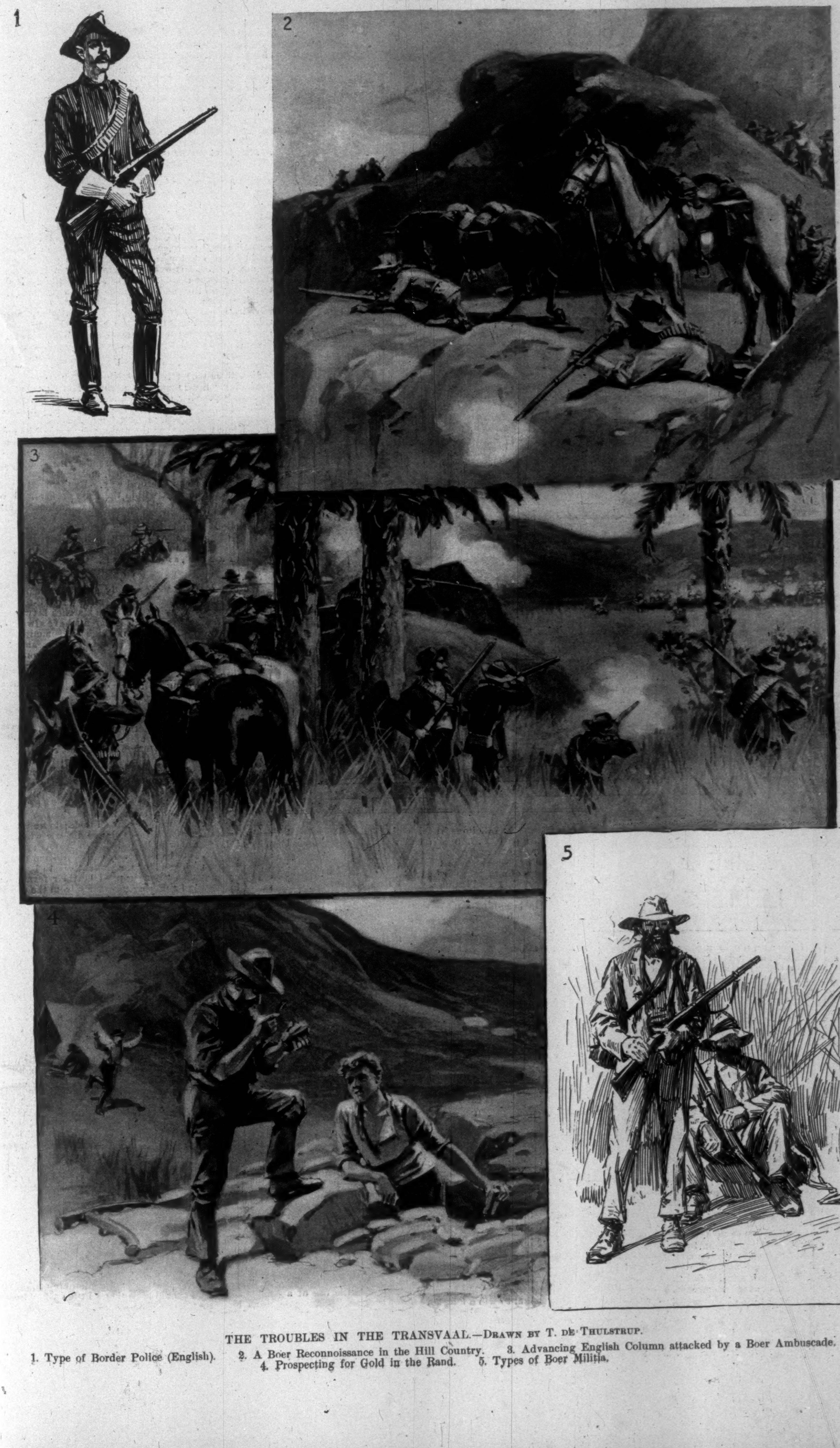
The Johannesburg of to-day is slightly more civilized. Many shade trees have been planted, there have been many sanitary improvements, and altogether the town would compare favorably with many a larger city in this country.

Pretoria, on the other hand, is one of the prettiest towns in existence. It is built on the side of a hill, and its streets are lined by heavy shade trees. The sanitation is good, and the drinking water magnificent. It comes in a clear stream from the hills, and runs in open troughs along the streets, where anybody may get it. There is one drawback to this, however, for while one individual may be drawing water for drinking purposes at one spot, a Kaffir may be taking a bath in the same water a hundred yards further up stream.



HON. CECIL J. RHODES,
Ex-Premier of Cape Colony.

The principal building is the Volksraad, a four-story brick structure built in 1890. It is severely plain, and the chamber in which the Volksraad meets is merely a



THE TROUBLES IN THE TRANSVAAL.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

1. Type of Border Police (English). 2. A Boer Reconnoissance in the Hill Country. 3. Advancing English Column attacked by a Boer Ambuscade. 4. Prospecting for Gold in the Rand. 5. Types of Boer Militia.

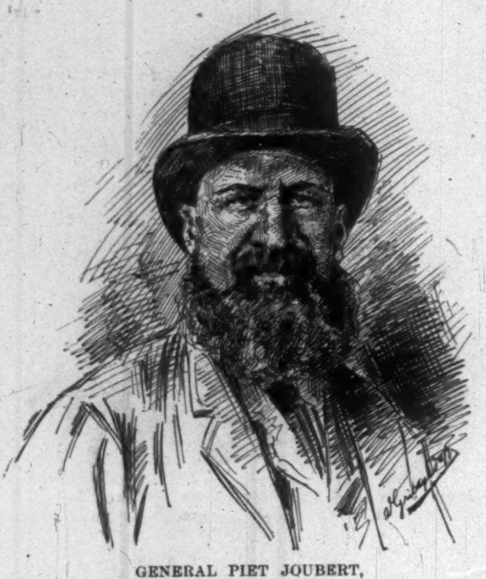
whitewashed hall. Each member has a desk, President Kruger and Vice-President Smit facing the assembly on a dais. All business is transacted in the Dutch language, and speeches are short; for whenever Mr. Kruger gets ready to pass a measure he says so, and his wishes are promptly gratified.

These are the places for which Cecil Rhodes is striving. While he and President Kruger are the principals in this tug of war, there are others who are also interested. One of these is J. B. Robinson, one of the millionaires of South Africa, who sides with the Boers, and who is bitterly opposed to Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Robinson is a native of the Cape Colony, and sees in the attempt to seize the Transvaal danger to his investments. He is a man of great determination, a man who commands universal respect, and who is known to be without political ambition. For this last reason he will prove dangerous to Mr. Rhodes, for the people are gradually learning to doubt the latter.

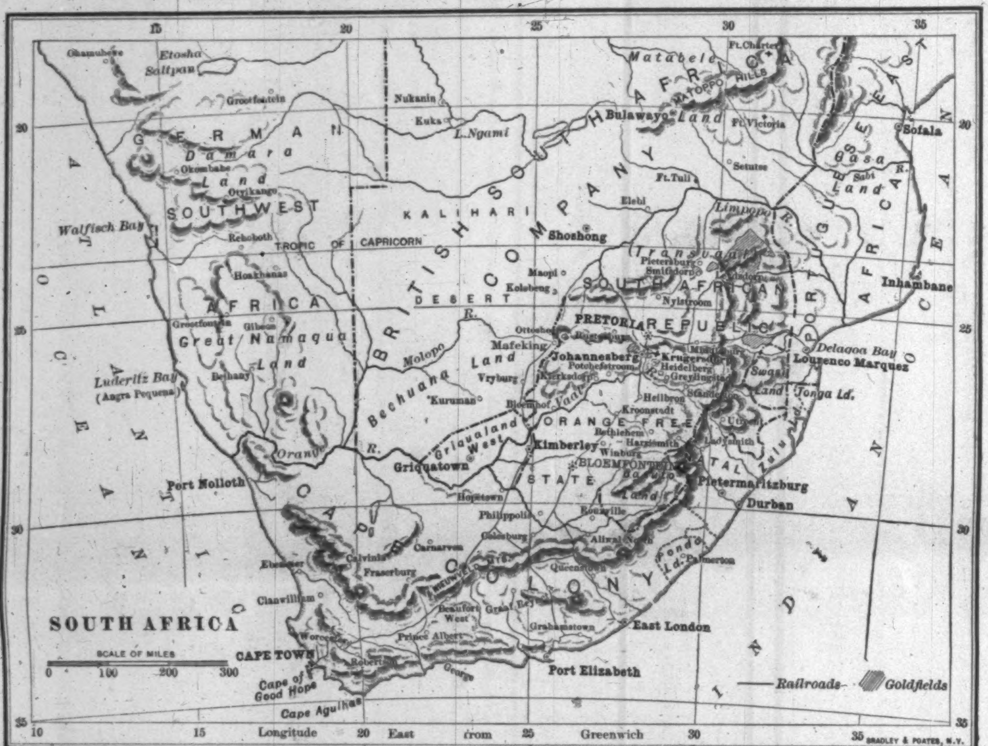
Dr. Jameson, whose daring raid has given him world-wide fame, is the son of a Scotch newspaper-man who studied medicine, practised as a doctor in Kimberley, and being fond of adventure, conquered Matabeleland.

As stated in the issue of this paper of November 2d, South Africa has a great future, if it can only get out of the clutches of the speculators. They are the danger which menaces the country, and which has already caused bloodshed. Until the Transvaal gets free from men like Rhodes and Barnato—until then will it be a land of disturbances, of unsettled business, and one which will not attract that class of men and women which make a country great.

EDGAR MELS.



GENERAL PIET JOUBERT,
Commander-in-Chief of the Boer Forces.



LIFE AND LETTERS

A LITTLE while ago, not long after certain rich and noble nuptials had stirred all susceptible hearts among us (and they are legion) in a communion of sympathy which lacked nothing but a reciprocal emotion of the English public to be international, a constant reader addressed to this department a very interesting communication. He prefaced the business of his letter with some very judicious compliments to the wisdom of the department in relation to all social questions; but this had, I am quite sure, nothing to do with my instant perception that the question he proposed for solution was a very burning one; and if I speak of his just praises at all it is merely to acknowledge them, and not to flourish them in the faces of other constant readers. I will not go so far as to quote them, even, as I might easily find contemporary example for doing in the most diffident of our journals, but I will come at once to the question in hand, which I will state as nearly as I can in the words of my correspondent.

He thinks it important to "a large number of people, fearful mothers, storming fathers, disappointed sisters, insulted brothers, expectant relatives, and of course the ever-busy public," and he declares it to be no other than the question of "rich young women, heiresses prospective or *bona fide*, marrying poor young men....earnest, able, industrious, the sons of once wealthy or well-to-do parents, reared in plenty, reverses forcing them into the struggle a few years too soon, handicapped by their former manner of living." Such young men, he gives me to understand, though "refined, intelligent, honorable, with tastes and inclinations" that carry them among people of their former social position, are now often "swallowed in the crowded mart," with low salaries and the competition of "cheaper female labor, at every employer's beck and call." Though they may have been "skimming over pretty thin ice, financially speaking," yet more than one of them has dared to allow the dictates of his heart to be answered ...."by some favored daughter of fortune, and has hoped to win her, when he can only offer her a simple home, and simpler pleasures, compared to those of her former life." It is then that "solicitous friends and relatives declare that they must part....though if married to him she would be above want always....He would share her luxuries, perhaps"—I should have thought, pretty certainly—"or by the use of a little needed capital, win the long-sought-for success." Should such a young man, my correspondent asks, "lose in respect, is his character a whit less honorable, in becoming a party to the alliance?.... Barring the fortune-hunting aspect, is it improbable that there could be a simon-pure *affaire de cœur*, surrounded by such circumstances, when all are ready to frankly admit its existence in cases *vice versa?*"

I.

I am sure that there is not one reader of this department who would think me capable of disappointing my correspondent in the answer he asks me to make to these questions. Surely, if it is right for rich men to marry poor girls, it is right for rich girls to marry poor men; and I should say that all history, or at least all historical romance, teaches that such unions are as commonly founded upon a true love in the hearts of the rich men and the rich girls, as any that are contracted between persons of equal prosperity or adversity. How it may be in the hearts of the poor men and the poor girls, in such cases, they alone can tell; but I see no proof in the behavior of the world toward them, that they are held in the least disrespect because of their good fortune. I have never heard of any one refusing the dinners of a poor man who had married a rich wife, and who gave them with her money; and no sooner does a rich man espouse a poor girl than society seeks her out and takes her to its corsage. Seriously, it seems to me that my correspondent is quite mistaken if he supposes it is ever otherwise; but I allow that there are often difficulties in the way of these unequal marriages, and that, especially in the case of heiresses, friends are apt to interpose objections to the indigent youths offering them a simon-pure affection. Heiresses cannot so well ask their friends to go about their business as the rich men can who propose to marry poor girls; and yet heiresses do sometimes venture so far, in deeds if not in words; from time to time we certainly read of an heiress who shares her luxuries with a young man greatly in need of them, or gives him the use of a little capital to win a long-sought-for success.

Far oftener, I will allow, we hear of money marrying money, and of poverty marrying poverty. As the poor greatly outnumber the rich, we hear more constantly of their equal matches. They mate with a collective gayety probably surpassing the sum of joy in the more splendid nuptials of the rich, though these spend a great deal of money on them, and require several bishops to consecrate their more signal unions. In either case I fancy the chances of happiness are greater than in the economically mixed marriages. No one begins to respect money so much as the man or woman who has a great deal of it, and none but the destitute can appreciate truly the nobility of poverty. We see this illustrated in the contempt with which a poor girl married to a rich man (especially if her elder) will make his money fly, and in the unjust ignominy with which a wealthy wife will visit the memories of her husband's needy past, in those confidences sure to take place sooner or later between them.

II.

My correspondent, to be sure, supposes a case in which this worst effect of the economically mixed marriage may be averted. His poor young men have not always been poor; they are "the sons of once wealthy or well-to-do parents, reared in plenty.... handicapped by their former manner of living." They are a kind of deserving poor, in a matrimonial sense, and I do not see how our heiresses could better employ themselves than in marrying such young men, and supplying them with "a little needed capital" for the rehabilitation of their fortunes. It seems to me that all the good and none of the ill effects of riches wedding with penury would follow from unions equalized by a parity of tradition. I take it that the main thing in marriage is that the parties should have the means of a perfect understanding, which they could not have if there had always been wealth on one side and always poverty on the other. But if they have both been bred in affluence, and one has merely suffered reverses, they will be perfectly intelligible to each other from the beginning. Such marriages might, in fact, be the solution of a very pressing civic problem, as well as of personal difficulties. They might be the means of equalizing conditions, whose disparity is now the reproach of the republic. From time to time the more turbulent spirits among us suggest the reduction of great wealth by various taxes upon it, but in the marriage of heiresses with "the sons of once wealthy or well-to-do parents," all the dangers of doctrinaire schemes are avoided, and great fortunes are divided in a perfectly natural way. By this method, also, wealth could be kept within the class accustomed to it, and the plutocracy could continue the luminous example in manners and morals which it now is. We should not be scandalized and the public mind debauched by instances of profligacy unknown to inherited wealth, but only too sadly apt to follow from the possession of money found in the road, as the saying is.

III.

We cannot, then, too carefully guard the marriage of heiresses with "sons of once wealthy or well-to-do parents" from degenerating into love matches between rich young ladies and youths whose parents have always been destitute. This sort of union, which has sometimes been the ideal of the romantic novelist, is by no means the intention of my correspondent or myself. We would both, as I understand him, deprecate it as unwise, or at least premature. It is possible that after the marriage of heiresses with young men "handicapped by their former manner of living" has been generally tried, some experiment of their marriage with young men who have never had any money, but have been obliged to earn their living from the first, may be cautiously attempted; but neither of us could advise this at once. There can be no difficulty in parting the sheep from the goats, in this business. The true prince is safe from the lion through the brute's instinctive reverence for royalty, and the indigent sons of once wealthy parents could be easily identified by certain characteristics, even if they could not be traced through the clubs they were obliged to resign from. The real ones could be distinguished even from those who honestly think their parents were once well-to-do; there is a great deal of self-delusion on this point, and those who are the prey of it are rather to be pitied than blamed; but they are none the less to be rigorously excluded from marriage with heiresses. These, for the present, are to be married only to young men "handicapped by their former manner of living," and suffering peculiarly from the competition of "cheaper female labor." Afterwards, as I say, the advantages of such alliances may be extended to all sorts of poor young men.

IV.

I confess that I am somewhat at a loss what to say of marriage between economical disparates of the sort which my correspondent compendiously calls *vice versa:* that is marriage between rich men and poor girls. This, as he intimates, has always been allowed to be the entirely possible event of a "simon-pure *affaire de cœur*," and commonly I suppose that it is so on the part of the rich man. The poor girl may have other motives, but she is certainly not so often suspected of self-interest as the poor man whom a rich girl marries. With him rests the burden of proof, and he cannot be too openly devoted to the woman "whose luxury he, perhaps, shares." If he is not so, he may justly be accused of marrying for money, whereas, in the *vice versa* affair, the girl, at the worst, may be supposed to have married for a home. She cannot be held so justly responsible, either, for the failure of the unequal marriage to bring a publicly appreciable happiness. If such a marriage fails in such a case, the husband is commonly laughed at. If it fails in the case of the poor young man, it is the wife who gets all the pity.

This is another reason why we cannot too anxiously seek to confine marriage with heiresses to young men of once wealthy parents. The young men of another sort, whose parents had to grub, and who have had to grub after them, will do better, for a generation or two, to marry girls of an equal indigence with themselves, and eschew heiresses as much as they can. We may be on the verge of a great social and civic experiment, and we must guard it against all unnecessary chances. Of course, there are instances of heiresses running down poor young men, and marrying them in total disregard of "their former manner of living," and in these cases the young men are certainly not to blame. But I should hope that a little reflection would teach heiresses the impropriety of this, and that a just sense of the public good would inspire them with the resolve to confine their affections and their fortunes to sons of once wealthy or well-to-do parents, at least for the time being. I think we have a right to expect so much of them.

W. D. HOWELLS.

NEW YORK WANTS MORE WATER.

WHEN what are the ordinary limitations governing supply and demand are applied to the water used in New York city, it is evident that this water is not controlled by any rigid and exact factors. If the supply has some apparent limitations, the demand has none. In a study of this subject—the water for New York—attention must first be directed to the rainfall and the water-sheds, and it becomes evident that while the water-shed is fixed, the rainfall is an uncertain quantity, and that both are likely at times to furnish less than are the actual requirements.

There are variations of rainfall. It is not the single season, nor the one year, which has to be studied. We must find the average of rainfall in a series of ten or twenty years, and in the vicinity of New York, so as to predict what is the exact amount of rain to be expected. If we take, then, periods of ten years and compare them with other similar periods, the average of the rainfall will be found to be about the same. But the phrase "about the same," as far as New York is concerned, would not bring the question of water-supply to a fortunate conclusion. We have nothing to do, in this case, with the general average of rainfalls.

That a want of water is almost instantly felt, if a rainfall is below the average in any year, arises from the fact that our consumption in New York is constantly augmenting. We live, then, from hand to mouth, or, to carry out the simile, we are always lifting more cups to our lips, and we want them filled and overflowing from a limited source of supply. New York, then, is forced to depend in large measure for its water on the immediate rainfall. It may be said that we are drinking to-day the rainfall which fell yesterday.

The meteorological expert, Mr. Dunn, writes "that 1895 has not been an extraordinarily dry year, and that the deficiency in the five dry months (May to September inclusive) has been only 1.09 inches," and also "that the one inch under the average is not unusual." Mr. Dunn shows that from 1870 to 1894 the average annual rainfall in the city of New York has been 43.86 inches.

As the thoroughly competent expert of the Croton water-shed presents the statement that 48.38 inches was the rainfall there for the last twenty-five years, there can be no question as to the correctness of this. Though the Croton water-shed is but a short distance from New York, more water actually falls there every year than in New York, from well-known causes.

The average yield from the Croton water-shed cannot be increased. The 360 square miles produce so much water coming from the rainfall, and no more. From geographical causes increased areas of water-shed cannot always be had. Good drainage areas are, so to speak, restricted. There being, then, a fixed area of water-shed in the neighborhood of New York, and the rainfall on it having been computed, engineers estimate it to be a million of gallons per square mile every twenty-four hours. If there are actually 360 square miles, this would give per diem, if all the water-shed were used, which it is not, 360 millions of gallons. That would be the daily ideal resultant of a good maximum year. But if there were little rain in one year, as in 1880, the yield would be 100 millions of gallons less per diem. Under the very best conditions we cannot get more than 360 millions of gallons per diem, or at the worst 260 millions, and then every foot of the water-shed must be in use, and all the water is to be saved, which is impossible.

It becomes, then, a serious matter, not only for to-day but for to-morrow, when we look at what is the consumption of water in New York for every twenty-four hours. We have to consider what are the actual present resources, and even regard those which the authorities are to provide us with in the future, for 1897 treads on the heels of 1896.

WATER CONSUMPTION.

In 1889 the average consumption of New York was 110 millions of gallons per diem. In 1891 it was 165 millions of gallons. To-day it is 200 millions of gallons. Between 1889 and 1891, only two years, there was a jump of 50 per cent.

What might be the general consumption of water in 1900 or 1902? At the lowest computation it would be 252 millions of gallons per diem. This figure is not a maximum, for if between 1895 and 1900 we should go on increasing our use of water as we did between 1890 and 1894, instead of a consumption of 252 millions of gallons per diem it might be fully 300 millions of gallons.

The average consumption of water per capita is 95 gallons. This multiplied by the population in 1895 will give a total of 188 millions of gallons. The additional 12 millions to make up the total of 200 millions may be accounted for by leakage. This calculation of 188 millions per diem is, however, believed to be below the actual consumption. There were many days in 1895 when more than 200 millions of gallons were used. If, then, we used 200 millions of gallons per diem in 1895, in 1896 we will want 220 millions; in 1897, 240 millions; in 1898, 280 millions; and in 1899 we get to 300 millions; and for the year 1900 we go beyond 300 millions of gallons to be used in every twenty-four hours in New York city. We have, then, this startling fact, that at some time between 1897 and the year 1900 if there be a single bad year we may want more water for New York per diem than the rainfall on the Croton water-shed can supply, and yet we use to-day less water in New York per head than any other large city of the Union.

There is one aspect of the water question which cannot be overlooked. The actual quantity of water used for the putting out of fires in New York is insignificant as to quantity. The total gallons of water taken during the year 1894 by the Fire Department of New York was only 28,822,000. But this water for the extinction of fires was inefficient, because it was wanting in pressure.

In every large city very much more water is used in the daytime than during the night, and this demand for water, it can be understood, is subjected to hourly changes. In New York the lowest pressure is when water is most called for, which is at mid-day. The highest pressure is at midnight, for then there is less demand for water.

As far as New York is concerned, the observations of pressures have been carefully made. They rest on the authority of the Fire Department. Something like clocks, the hydrants almost record the time of day. In some instances where there was a pressure of 30 pounds from 9 to 11 P.M., at from 1 to 3 P.M. it was only 15. Generally the drop at mid-day was 10 pounds, and the reason can be understood. The denser the population the greater demand for the water, and consequently a diminished pressure.

When a fire breaks out in New York at night, it might be considered in some respects as a piece of good luck. The chances are somewhat improved then for its extinction. There is more water then, and under greater pressure, than had the fire occurred during the daytime. If a steam fire-apparatus cannot obtain sufficient water it is useless. When several steamers draw water in the same neighborhood the pressure at once becomes insufficient to feed them. The steam fire-engines are then often reduced to half their efficiency. The exact hour of a fire, or where it may occur, can never be determined on in advance. When there is a fire, all the water is wanted, and must be applied at the one spot.

The impracticability of reaching the tops of high buildings on fire by any methods now in use is so evident that it need not be discussed. It cannot be advanced that either the water or fire department is responsible for the safety of the tallest buildings. These exaggerations of construction, so far as their upper stories go, must look out for themselves, for they defy all the usual methods of preventing their destruction by fire. But all the houses of New York are not elevated buildings, and their security under normal conditions the city is bound to provide for. Indeed, it becomes here just a question of the responsibility of a city. Insurance is the most vital of economic necessities. If property cannot be insured, what is there to be done? When the great leading firms in New York declare under oath that they are unable to obtain sufficient insurance, where lies the remedy? Within a not very large business area in New York, as has been told over and over again, there are buildings with merchandise insured for over $500,000,000, and they represent but a small portion of New York.

When insurance becomes difficult from the risks to be run, what is to happen? Somebody must pay for losses. Here is a case in point. An insurance company brought suit against a town in New York State because the water service of that town was insufficient. The decision of the Supreme Court was that the insurance company could recover damages for losses from the town.

In 1894 there was paid in New York city fire premiums amounting to $9,404,549. This would represent a value of quite $1,500,000,000. The total assets of the various insurance companies doing business in the city of New York are estimated to be under $400,000,000. It is by no means probable that there will be a general conflagration; but if a fire proportionate only to those of Chicago, Boston, or Portland, Maine, were to take place, the results would be disastrous.

Looking only at the possible disasters that could arise from absence of water, or of water without sufficient pressure, it becomes evident that insurance companies dread the water situation of New York city, not only as it exists to-day, but for the immediate future, because demand for insurance increases just as does population.

RESERVOIRS.

A storage system gives only an approximate yield of water. Water storage must be carried out with certain precautions. To catch and hold the rain-water special constructions are built, known as reservoirs, which supposably keep all the rain-water which falls over a certain defined area of ground. In reality only 50 per cent. of the rainfall flows into the Croton River, and only 70 per cent. of this can be stored.

There is often confusion existing as to what is a reservoir. There are collecting or storage reservoirs and distributing reservoirs. The storage reservoir derives its water directly from the water-shed and is contiguous to it. The distributing reservoir is nothing more than a recipient or a tank, and may take its water from any number of water-sheds, which may lie miles apart. The distributing reservoir bears no more relation to a water-shed than does a bucketful of water to a fountain. It may be seen from this how a billion gallons of water are comparatively insignificant, and how it is necessary for the wants of a great city that the water supply shall be sure not only for a few days' consumption, but for a great many days. We might then have ten reservoirs of one kind or another, each one holding 100 millions of gallons, or 1000 millions in all, and then we would have a supply sufficient for about five days. Capacities of reservoirs, as are indicated, are not to be considered in a practical study of this character, but rather what is the area of the water-sheds. Your money-bags may be of the amplest dimensions, capable of containing millions of dollars in coin, and you might have really next to nothing in your bags, which are the reservoirs.

Such comments as may follow on the present conditions of the reservoirs supplying New York city are not of a hearsay character. The ground was gone over, and exact photographs were taken of the various storage reservoirs on the 19th of November, 1895. What are the conditions existing to-day, when this article is published, some months later, have also been examined. There has been no perceptible change for the better. The Croton water-shed has had a continuous run of bad luck, because there has been little rain during the six weeks from November 19, 1895, up to the 30th of December.

CONDITION OF RESERVOIRS.

In our table the capacity and actual contents of the reservoirs supplying New York are given at certain dates. The estimate of gallons was furnished on the authority of a leading expert.

There was on hand July 1, 1895, 18,000 millions of gallons, and on September 1st about 12,000 millions. Then on July 1st there was 47 per cent. of the total storage capacity; on September 1st, 32 per cent.; September 28th, 26 per cent., November 7th, 12.5 per cent.; and on November 19th, only 12 per cent.

FUTURE DEMAND FOR WATER.

If at their ideal maximum the capacity of these reservoirs is figured at 38,215 millions of gallons, this quantity has been but rarely if ever reached. Suppose the quantity of water had been so stored, then there would have been a supply for New York for something less than two hundred days. The calculation may be rapidly made out. If we use 200 millions of gallons per diem, in a week we would want 1400 millions of gallons. In a month of thirty days we should want 6000 millions of gallons.

On November 19th there was 4645 million gallons, or considerably less than a month's supply—say, something over twenty-three days.

The Cornell reservoir, and the bringing into use of the additional water-shed, should be hastened, because it is wanted at once. It is a case of urgency.

It is not within the province of this article to indicate where an additional water-shed should be had, but in the obtaining of an extended area lies the only safety.

The utility of the Jerome Park Reservoir, though it may cost $15,000,000, need not be questioned. When it is completed, say in 1903, it will presumably hold some 1500 millions of gallons. It is a distributing reservoir—holds water only, does not create it. The 1500 millions gallons will be ready when New York consumes 275 millions gallons of water per diem, and then there may be a supply in the reservoir for something less than six days. There is, however, another good reason for this construction. The Croton Dam, which is over fifty years old, has seen much stress, and is considered by competent engineers as not safe. Should there ever be an accident to the old Croton Dam, then the six days' supply in the Jerome Park Reservoir would be the only water available. When the Cornell Dam is built, the danger from the defects of the Croton Dam will be removed. The trouble is that a number of years must elapse before the Cornell Dam is ready. But even then there is not water-shed sufficient, though the entire 360 square miles will be used.

The six illustrations explain what were the actual conditions of all the reservoirs on the 19th of November, 1895. On that day the principal reservoirs were visited, and photographs were taken. The pictures presented are neither better nor worse than the average. They were selected so as to emphasize certain particulars. The Boyds Corner Reservoir explains best what were former stages of water-levels. In the Middle Branch Reservoir the great extent of bottom exposed shows how little water there was in it. Bog Brook Reservoir can be taken somewhat as an object-lesson. It held when it was photographed some 500 millions of gallons. Now as New York uses 200 millions of gallons of water every twenty-four hours, a comparative idea may be had as to what is the bulk of 200 millions of gallons of water. New York would use up all Bog Brook Reservoir in less than sixty hours, because this reservoir never could be drained to the last 100 millions of gallons. Titicus and Sodom reservoirs show the same emptiness. The coloration on the stones of Titicus Dam marks the highest stages of water. The conduit of Bog Brook Reservoir explains the way the water is fed. It was shut down on November 19th, and accordingly furnished no water. Even had it been opened it would have given but a trickle. Titicus was made to hold 7176 millions of gallons.

The conclusion to be arrived at is this, that though there may be no immediate danger of wanting water in New York for ordinary usage, there might be during a dry year or a series of dry years dearth of water. It must always be remembered that no twenty-four hours pass that there is not an increased demand. As to the risks New York runs from want of water for the extinguishing of fires and from insufficient pressure of such water, that peril is constant, always augmenting.

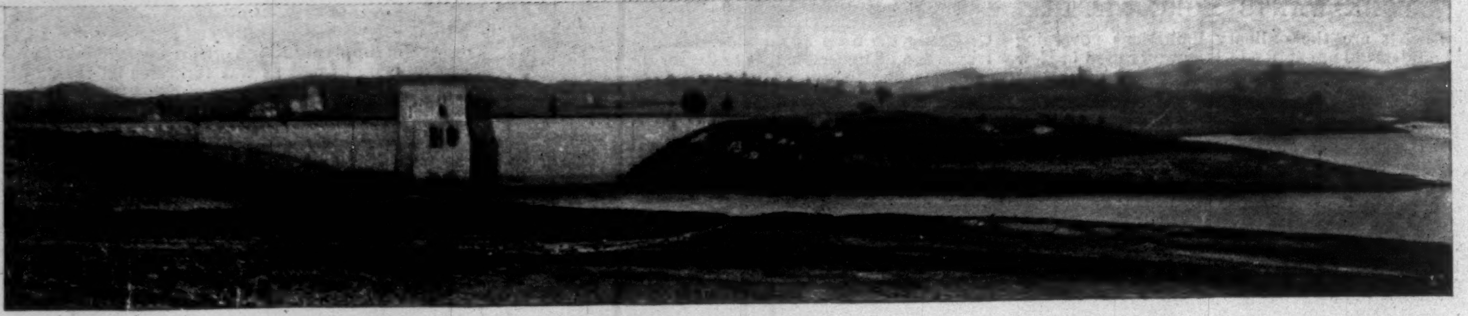
The inevitable deduction is that to supply New York with water to meet the rapidly growing demand an additional area of water-shed must be obtained, and at once. Charles Dickens once suggested an article with this title: "Dreadful Hardships Endured by the Shipwrecked Crew of the *London*, Chiefly for Want of Water." New York could readily be substituted for *London*.

As to the condition of the water used in New York it may be said that all precautions of a sanitary character have been taken, and that all possible measures are employed tending towards the sanitary preservation of it. New York water is, then, considering the extent of its water-shed, really better than that furnished in many other cities.

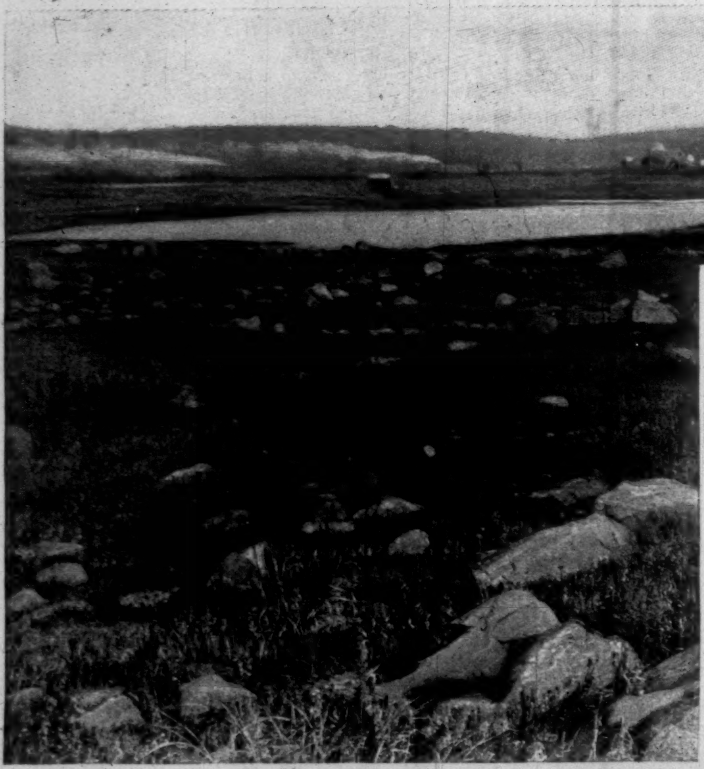
As to the recent muddy condition of the water used in New York, this arises from the fact that the bottom water in all the reservoirs has been drained, and that in the large recipients this water has not had the time to settle or to refine itself. That soiled water shows, as well as anything else, how hand to mouth is the supply.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

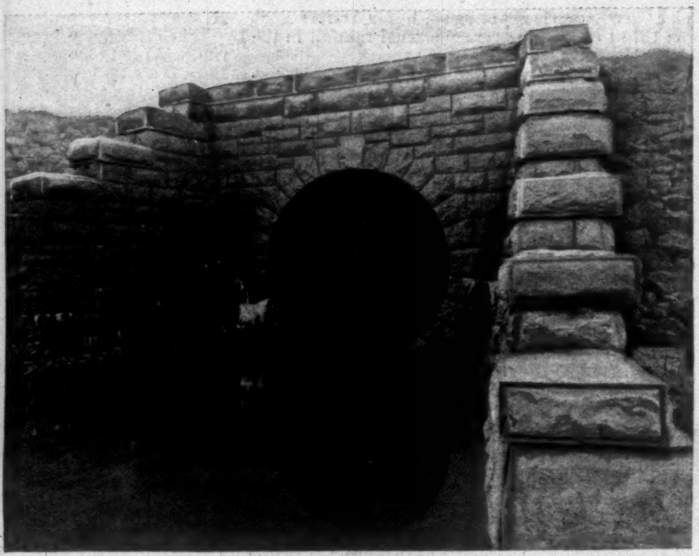
Reservoirs.	Capacity.	On hand September 28, 1895. Gallons.	On hand November 7, 1895. Gallons.	On hand November 19, 1895. Gallons.	Empty, Shut, or Drawing.
Boyds Corner	2,700,000,000	600,000,000	100,000,000	75,000,000	Shut Nov. 19, 1895.
Cornell "D"	10,000,000,000	Empty.	Empty.	Empty.	Empty " " "
Middle Branch	4,000,000,000	1,173,000,000	700,000,000	900,000,000	Shut " " "
Bog Brook	4,145,000,000	1,170,000,000	600,000,000	500,000,000	" " " "
Sodom	4,883,000,000	1,384,000,000	800,000,000	800,000,000	Drawing 25,000,000
Titicus	7,167,000,000	2,700,000,000	1,000,000,000	770,000,000	" 10,000,000
Croton Lake	500,000,000	500,000,000	100,000,000	100,000,000	" 140,000,000
Mahopac	515,000,000	500,000,000	300,000,000	200,000,000	Shut Nov. 19, 1895.
Gleneida	250,000,000	Empty.	Empty.	Empty.	" " " "
Kirk	475,000,000	400,000,000	Empty.	50,000,000	" " " "
Gilead	400,000,000	400,000,000	200,000,000	200,000,000	" " " "
Barrett	180,000,000	Empty.	Empty.	Empty.	" " " "
			3,800,000,000	3,595,000,000	
Kensico	1,600,000,000	700,000,000	600,000,000	590,000,000	Drawing 7,000,000
Rye	1,300,000,000	600,000,000	400,000,000	480,000,000	" 7,000,000
	38,115,000,000	10,127,000,000	4,800,000,000	4,655,000,000	



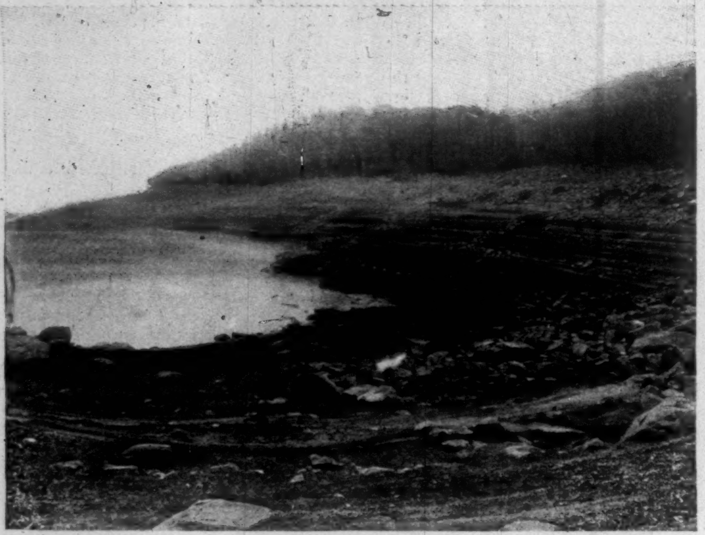
SODOM RESERVOIR—LOOKING EAST TOWARDS THE DAM.



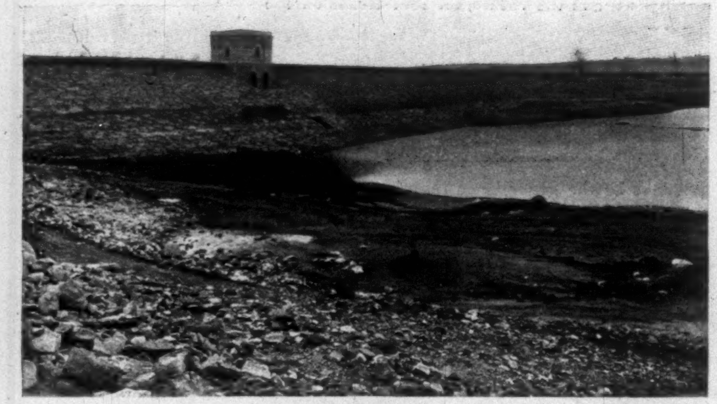
MIDDLE BRANCH RESERVOIR.



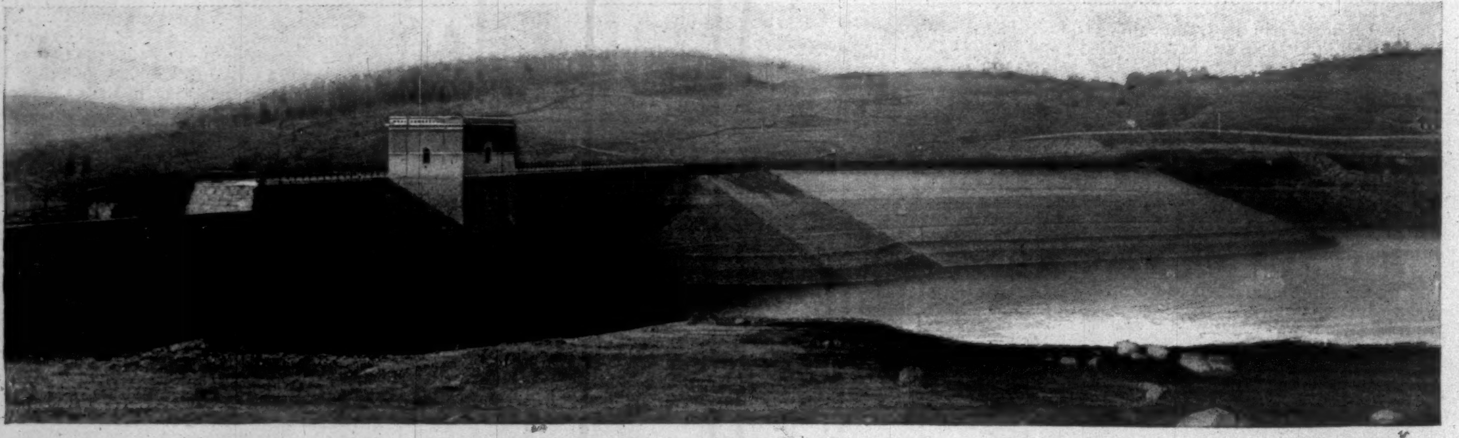
BOG BROOK CONDUIT.



BOYDS CORNER RESERVOIR.



BOG BROOK RESERVOIR.



TITICUS RESERVOIR.

NEW YORK'S WATER SUPPLY—THE CONDITION OF THE RESERVOIRS, NOVEMBER 19, 1895.—[SEE PAGE 55.]

IN THE CRIPPLE CREEK GOLD-FIELDS.

BY CARL SNYDER.

IT is almost within the shadow of Pikes Peak that the new El Dorado lies—so near that in this clear and vivid atmosphere you fancy a long-range rifle shot from the top of the bald and rugged mountain might carry so far as the outskirts of the bare and rugged little town. There is irony hid in this, of the brackish sort that men call fate. Forty years ago this same peak, which the traveller in a palace-car now watches for when he rises in the morning from a night's flight over the desert from Chicago, was sought by other eyes lit by the same dreams of gold. Only the men who came in '59 did not travel by lightning express, nor dine on truffles and pâtés while whirled along at forty miles an hour. They crawled wearily over the waterless plain in white canvas-covered emigrant wagons, stopping sometimes to rest and recover strength, and sometimes to leave their bones bleaching by the way, so that the trail might be more distinct and memorable for those who came after. Their wagons, as a rule, bore the legend, quaint, and, as it seemed, oddly humorous,

"PIKES PEAK—OR BUST!"

Perhaps you recall the picture. Also another, its companion, "Busted!" which had its own touch of "derision and disaster."

But the Pikes Peak excitement of '59 proved as barren and fruitless as the burning plains it had tempted so many to cross. Those who had come from over the desert pressed on to other fields, or turned back, or starved quietly and died. And all the while, hardly ten miles away as the crow flies, and barely hidden by the grass roots, lay in measureless quantities the precious rock they sought. The generation that followed used these deeply cleft and undulating uplands for a cattle range, meagre and grudging as it must have been. The herds roamed over the hills, and sometimes a prospector ventured that way, and then one found gold, and told others. Then a financial measure which moneyed men of the East obtained at the hands of Congress fell as a great blight upon the chief industry of the State, turning many adrift, and from thoughts of silver the men of Colorado turned again to thoughts of gold.

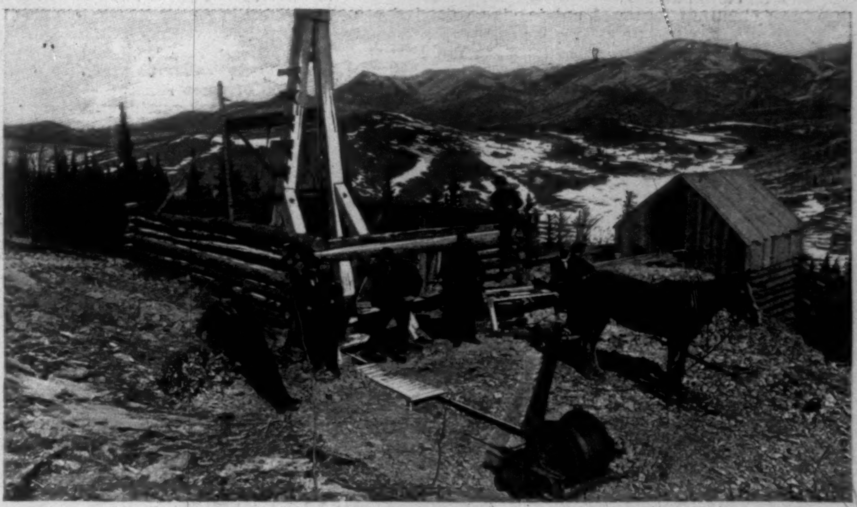
They listened to the tales that were wafted down the mountain-sides from Cripple Creek, and many prospected and wrought, and finally developed one of the richest gold-fields on this continent, if not in the world. And this, in a way less tedious than some others, is the history of Cripple Creek from heroic times down to a recent day. Barely five years ago was the first location made. The next year there was a slight inrush of prospectors, and the principal mines of the district were located. And then there was a still greater rush, and finally a long and bitter strike, which the ingenious newspaper correspondents looked at in the light of a "war." And by-and-by, in July, 1894, the railroad came, and big shipments began, and the future of the camp was assured. Those who doubted that a great gold district could be found beneath a cow pasture came at last to see that their precedents and their geology were of no avail here; and even sagacious experts, who visited the mines and went away looking wise, found that they too were no better off in guessing at what these rolling hill-sides contained than a carpenter or a steam-fitter, who, from sheer ignorance, had made a location and suddenly found himself a multi-millionaire.

FREMONT, DECEMBER, 1891—CRIPPLE CREEK.

Perhaps I may as well here dispose of the very difficult question as to the real truth of the Cripple Creek mines. There is in the East a prevalent notion that in some way, because of the immense fortunes that have been made by clever manipulators in exploiting the Kaffir mines, other clever men in Colorado have put up what we sometimes hear spoken of as a great bunco game. As you journey westward from New York this incredulity gradually changes color, until at last it brightens into the most dazzling enthusiasm. At Denver you will be assured that the monthly output of this little camp already reaches a gross value of near a million and a half of dollars. And at Colorado Springs, which is a little nearer, you will be told quite for the fact that it reaches a million and a quarter of dollars. At Cripple Creek itself, which is only a few miles from the mines, they are content with a million dollars. But if you choose to go further, and seek out the mine-owners themselves, you will probably find that the actual output, so far as it can be estimated at the present time, is in the neighborhood of seven or eight hundred thousand dollars. This, from averaging the estimates of five or six of the principal mine-owners and mining experts actually on the ground, I believe is very close to the truth. So, while it is not probable that the total production for the year will reach anywhere near the twelve or fifteen millions which the mining-brokers and some of the enthusiastic correspondents tell you it will reach, there seems no reason to doubt that it will be close to six and a half or seven millions.

Now this, if you please, for a single camp that is barely four years old, is a marvellous record. Probably there never was anything like it in the history of lode mining. Of course, back in the fifties, when it was possible to pick up great nuggets on the placer grounds of that State, California produced in single years very much greater quantities of gold than this. But it is not likely that the bonanza days of placer mining in California will ever be seen again. And the fault one has to find with the Colorado "boomers," who mostly have mines or lots for sale, is that they are not content to let the very wonderful truth alone.

Nor does there seem any present indication that the rapid increase in Cripple Creek's production has reached a limit. The first large shipment from the camp was in December, '91, when a car of ore to the value of about one thousand dollars was sent out. The next year the shipments amounted to $600,000. And the year following to nearly two millions, and last year to about three millions and a half. You will see, therefore, that in a single year the output has nearly doubled. What it will be next year no one can do more than make a sort of a random guess. Mr. D. H. Moffat and Mr. J. J. Hagerman, two of the heaviest mine-owners in the district, and gentlemen of wealth and standing, gave me figures of not less than ten millions, and probably not much more than twelve millions. Of course this is very far again from the optimistic articles you may read in the newspapers of Denver and Colorado Springs—very far from the twenty or thirty millions they talk of. But if it does no more than this, Cripple Creek will still be, for anything I know of, far in the lead of any other mining camp which has been known in this country.



BUENA VISTA MINE AND PIKES PEAK—WILSON CREEK.

The physical features of the new camp are something very different from what you might naturally expect in a rugged and mountainous country. You may drive in a surrey all over the district, and not only visit every mine it contains, but view, as you ride along, some of the most inspiring scenery to be found anywhere in the grandly scenic regions of the West. You may, if you choose to miss a beautiful ride through the mountains, leave Denver at night in a Pullman and wake in the morning at Cripple Creek. At Denver you are a mile above the sea-level, and here you are almost a mile above Denver. Very close to the sky then do you seem when in your surrey you climb to the top of Battle Mountain or Gold Hill, another thousand feet or so above the camp. You are almost on the roof of the continent. Pikes Peak is only three or four thousand feet above you, and for more than a hundred miles you may look away, past range after range of low-lying hills, which in the East would be called mountains, far away across the valley of the Arkansas to the Sangre de Cristo range, whose jagged and ice-edged sky-line serrates the distant fringe of the horizon. You turn, and the broad plains which lie at the mountain's feet loom in view, and stretch out beyond the sight distantly to the courses of the rivers which flow to the Gulf. Mount Pisgah and Mount Rhyolite seem mere bald knobs thrust up out of the vast and tumbled expanse which rolls away toward Leadville. The Royal Gorge, of the Arkansas, is just down there in the far depths of the wide valley. In the opposite direction, if a long spur of Pikes Peak were not in the way, you might look down to the Garden of the Gods, not more than fifteen miles away; while off to the northwest, twenty-five miles or so, you see a little peak which stands as the geographical centre of Colorado. Alike from its ease of access and its famous surroundings, Cripple Creek is an attractive spot for the tourist, and I do not doubt that many thousands will come. And if they come simply as tourists the trip will be worth their while.

The ride about the "golden circle" takes you from the town of Cripple Creek, through Anaconda and several little hamlets stuck oddly in the gulches or on the side of a hill, to Victor, and then back *viâ* other little camps and Altman. The largest of the mines thus far developed are not located at the town which bears the district's name, but at Victor, four or five miles away. The latter is a pretty little village that lies snugly at the foot of Battle Mountain, and above it, along the hill-side, are the gaunt red shaft-houses of the Independence Mine and of the Portland group.

I do not know just what there is in a gold-mine that seems to lend itself so easily to romance. But the story of either of these two great properties, which are really one so far as the ore-chute is concerned, would afford the background for many a beguiling tale. Marvellous to report, both of these mines are owned by the men who found them. The locator of the Independence Mine was W. S. Stratton—"Old Man Stratton," as he is called, though he is old only in so far as the hard life of a prospector makes any man of forty seem sixty or more.

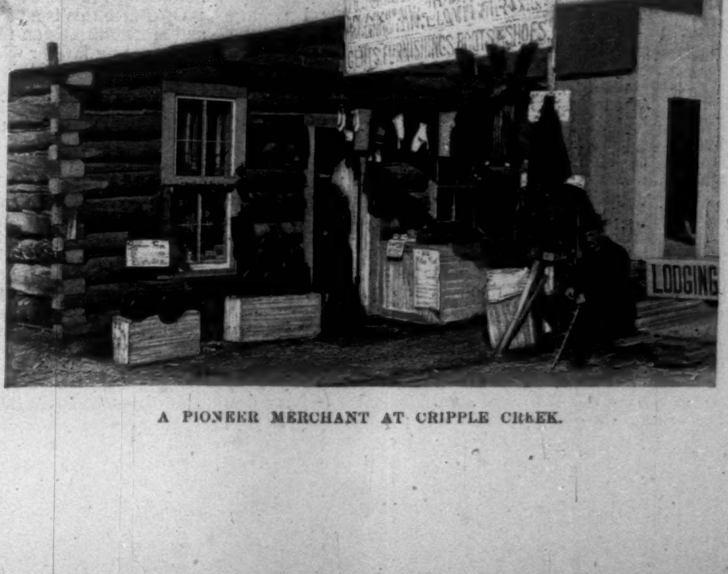
If the story of how Cripple Creek itself lay neglected for a generation and a half, almost at the feet of the men who sought its treasures, has not given you an idea of how elusive are the coveted veins of gold-bearing ore, attend to the story of "Old Man Stratton's" search:

More than twenty years ago he came to Colorado, even then imbued with the notion that he would find a gold-mine. "I go much on impressions," he says. By winter he followed his trade as a carpenter, earning enough to spend his summers in the mountains. He earned his own grub-stake. I believe that years ago, down in the San Juan country, he really found gold, or had an interest with those who had found it. But his partners cheated him of his share, and with this bitter experience "Old Man Stratton" vowed never to have a partner again. Years passed. Still he searched. More years still—his hair grew gray. But no gold. Then came the Cripple Creek excitement. He was among the first to enter the new camp. He made locations. They seemed to prove worthless. Understand, by-the-way, that, covered with grass as are the hills of the district, there was hardly an outcrop of ore anywhere to be found. The bottom of the creeks would wash gold any day, but where it came from was another matter. The best that any one could do was to strike a pick at random on the hill-side and take such luck as came. One morning—the Fourth of July, it happened—"Old Man Stratton" picked out a new spot that, somehow impressed him as one that might prove a "strike." In honor of the day he called it the "Independence," and when he got back his assays from the rock it bore he was dumfounded to find that it ran more than three hundred dollars a ton.

Gold at last! After twenty years!

For a long time, though, it seemed difficult to establish just where the vein lay, and men less tenacious might have abandoned the claim; but the "Old Man" stood by it, and one day the vein opened, and the beautiful golden ore lay there in such quantities as to outrun the imagination. Even then the owner of the Independence had no idea of the vast riches he possessed. So one day when he was offered $150,000 for the mine, with $10,000 down for a bond, he was glad enough to accept. But the panic came, and the purchase was never made. It was with the $10,000 which he thus received that Stratton was able to go on and develop his mine and make clear that he was now rich beyond the dreams of poets. As for himself, he says: "I never had an idea I should be so rich. What I did dream of was to find a little mine on which I could put up a little mill and gain therefrom enough to keep me out of want for the rest of my days."

As a matter of bare fact this lucky man has now so much money that he does not know what to do with it. He does not like to trust it to banks—too much of it at least—and investments he does not look upon with a favoring eye. So, instead of making his mine the great pro-



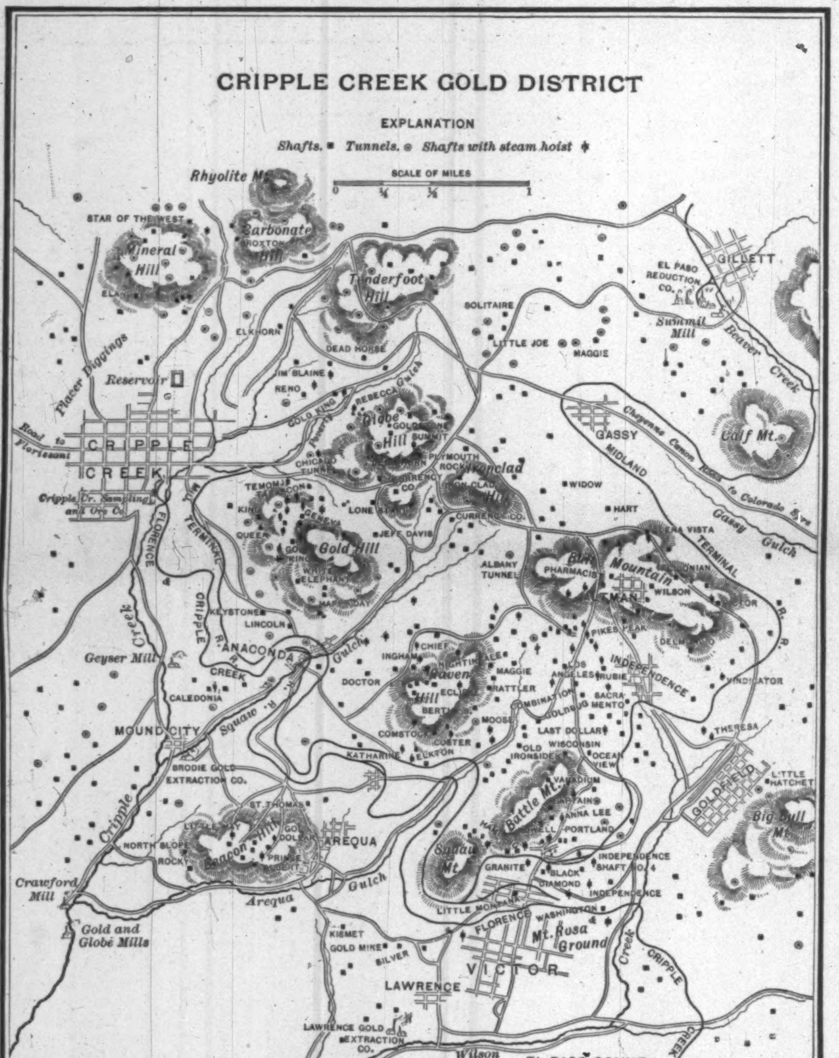
A PIONEER MERCHANT AT CRIPPLE CREEK.

ducer that it might be—it has taken out two millions in gold already—he simply drives the shafts deeper and the tunnels farther, blocking out the ore, and taking out no more than is necessary to run the drifts—planning and dreaming, and preparing for the day when he may be able, if the fancy strikes him, to take from his mine a million dollars between a revolution of the clock hands. If the gold is there, he says, no one can take it away from him. And when he likes he has only to thrust his hand into the ground and draw therefrom the equivalent to the revenues of a respectable kingdom. I asked this singular man what he intended to do with his wondrous wealth, and he replied, "Keep it in trust for the poor people, of whom I have always been one, and with whom my sympathies will always remain."

What an odd millionaire!

If you climb up Battle Mountain, above the Independence, you will come upon another group of red shaft-houses and gray ore dumps, and this is the Portland. Clear at the top of the hill, if you happen to win his good graces, Jimmy Burns, as he is still called, will show you a little patch of ground which he and his partner, Jimmy Doyle, located when there seemed hardly a square inch on the whole mountain that was not plastered with claims. It was about seventy-five feet in width and three hundred feet long, and might have contained a sixth of an acre of ground. From this little acorn did the great Portland grow. It was on this patch that the ore vein was found which so many were searching for. Forty-seven lawsuits have been fought for the possession of this bit of earth. Men with millions have intrigued and witnesses have been bought, and have told wonderful stories, and dark plots have failed, and still these two Irishmen held their ground. Not always with the force of the law. In mining camps, when claim-jumpers appear there is a rough and rugged justice, where Winchesters sometimes replace courts and judges. Many are the stories told of the fight for the possession of the Portland, and one of these Burns tells himself. He had returned home one day and found his shaft in the possession of six or seven "jumpers." Hot and impetuous Irishman that he is, he rushed excitedly into his cabin, and seizing his rifle, ran back to the shaft, and levelling it at the intruders, exclaimed, with a volley of terse expletives befitting the occasion, "Now you get out!"

Now, facing a determined and belligerent Irishman, defending his sole possession on this earth with a Winchester, would not be, I fancy, a comfortable thing. The intruders grumbled, but Burns was insistent, and down the hill he drove them, at first slowly, and then on a run—with an empty Winchester! For in the excitement of the moment, true to his Hibernian ancestry, he had neglected to load his gun.



This same Portland mine has afforded an illuminating example of the uncertain value of expert opinion. When it had been demonstrated that the mine was, to say the least, exceedingly rich, it was bonded by New York parties for a purchase at $200,000. Then the experts came and spent many days in examination, and reported $37,000 worth of ore "in sight." And went away looking wise. The month after the bond expired the owners of the Portland took from its depths over $40,000 in ore, and since that time it has produced over $2,000,000. It is now stocked for $3,000,000, and the market value of the stock is twice this. It pays $60,000 a month in dividends, or about 25 per cent. per annum on its capitalized value.

Both the Independence and the Portland have been developed practically without a dollar of outside capital. In other words, they have been developed with the money that has been taken out of the mines themselves. And since this is true of a number of other mines within this same "golden circle," it has come about that Cripple Creek has been called a "poor man's camp." In many instances the ore bodies lie very close to the surface, and have been so rich from the very beginning that the prospector has had no need to spend weary months searching for capital with which to make his prospect into a mine. Thus it happened, too, when the great strike—"the war"—was on, many owners became disgusted and readily leased their possessions to the miners themselves. So that many of the best properties have been worked in this way, and some of them are under lease to this day.

But the reader is not to imagine that Cripple Creek abounds in these seductive tales of men who were prospectors yesterday and millionaires to-day. Truth to tell, such stories are rare. And there are many others of another sort. The first prospector to locate a mine in Cripple Creek was Bob Womack. He is still plain "Bob," and not a millionaire. He sold his claim for what he thought was $300. He really got about fifty. The same year one-third of this mine—the El Paso—sold for $35,000, and now perhaps the property is worth half a million. And Womack, as he tells the story, adds, "And the men who've got it now don't even say, 'Have a cigar, Bob?'" Which comment would spoil.

Then, again, if you go up by the Last Dollar Mine you may see a sad-eyed man driving a spavined team behind an ore cart. The Last Dollar might sell now for three or four hundred thousand, and this man, Jerry Winchell by name, located it. He owed a "grub-stake" of forty dollars or so at the grocery, and there was no money to pay, and the claim went in satisfaction. The men who owned the grocery got something like five hundred dollars for it, and the man who bought from them sold for $75,000. And now it is stocked for a large sum, and producing many thousand dollars' worth of gold each month.

Nor is it to be supposed that all the mines of the district represent bonanzas. In truth, the number that have been worked to any sort of success is very small. In several instances, too, mines which have been good producers have "pinched out," as the phrase runs. And then it has taken all that has been won, and often immensely more, to get back the ore bodies. In a large proportion of instances they are never won back.

All this serves to indicate that even in the best of camps there is little certainty and immense risk. But a knowledge of these things has no more deterrent effect upon the craze for speculation than the oft-repeated stories of the clever manipulations of "Sugar," and "Whiskey," and "Tobacco," and other Wall Street gambles have upon the lambs who wish to guess at the next fluctuation of these stocks. Already, in order to satisfy the thirst for stock-gambling, a dozen exchanges have been organized in Colorado alone, and hundreds of companies are in the field, and thousands of brokers—at least so it seems. Everybody speculates, from those who can afford to those who cannot. The young lady who waits on your table at the little Cripple Creek hotel leans over your shoulder to ask if you think that "C. K. & N." is a good buy. And she tells you of how one of the other girls made a lucky guess last week and is "$80 to the good."

And so it goes everywhere, but chiefly at Denver and Colorado Springs. Roughly, it seemed to me that about one-third of the population of this latter little town, which lies so charmingly at the base of Pikes Peak, were either mine-owners or mine-brokers, and it would be quite impossible to discover any one in the whole town who has not dabbled in some stock or other.

Of course this is a very fine thing for the stock-brokers, and among these you meet with many a surprise. There is the young lawyer whom you used to know back East, who departed suddenly owing to some peculiar interpretation of a trust confided to him. And the handsome and gentlemanly gambler whom you used to know back in Kansas City—a sort of a John Oakhurst in his way; and many others who somehow failed to get on in the East, but who turn up here with prosperous-looking offices and a well-fed air. Of course I do not mean to say that all the stock-brokers of Denver and Colorado Springs are made up of this sort, but it is nevertheless true that there are many unjailed scoundrels in the list—men who lie awake nights plotting and scheming as to how they may win the hardly garnered little fortunes of the school-teachers and the type-writers and others, whose brains are whirling with visions of sudden wealth.

And, of course, in consequence of the excitement there has been a great rush to Cripple Creek. It began less than three years ago, and now it is estimated that in this little mountain district, which covers an area considerably less than Manhattan Island, there are twenty-five to thirty-five thousand people. Perhaps twenty-five hundred of these are actually employed in the mines, and some fifteen hundred more are scattered about the district, digging little black holes in the hill-side here and there, at random, in the vague hope that they may chance upon a vein. It is a curious sight, and as you drive down the mountain-side about duskfall and see these patient hard-muscled men still striking their weary picks into the irresponsive and enigmatical earth, you sometimes wonder what there is in the life of a prospector which leads so many men to go out from among their fellows, and climb over the hills, searching year after year, and year after year finding nothing.

You fail to understand the matter entirely if you never have happened to watch one of this strange race of men examining a particularly fine specimen of ore. To the uninstructed eye, save perchance where it shows a gleam of dull gold, one bit of this gray rock is as uninteresting as any other. But an old prospector will take the specimen up and his eyes will light with a curious enthusiasm, and you will hear him say, quite slowly, and very reverently, toward the rock, "God Almighty! look at that!" For such things as this are to him the most interesting things in the world.

For the rest, the population of the district is made up of traders and shopkeepers and speculators and real-estate agents, and that vaguely floating remnant which affords you the usual wonderment as to how they contrive to exist. The little town of Cripple Creek has eight or ten thousand people, and counts itself well supplied with the luxuries of civilization. It has electric lights and a water-works system, to say nothing of several stock boards, an infinite number of saloons, and various other modern improvements. During the days of the rush it was quite impossible to obtain any sort of accommodation unless you had engaged long in advance. And even now there hangs in the Palace Hotel, over the big fireplace of the lobby which is so good to sit by of a cold evening, a sign offering chairs for the night at fifty cents each. But the town has now fairly caught up with the demands upon it, and you may live as well here as you may in other places of the same size anywhere in the country. The citizens do not go about armed to the teeth, with revolvers and bowie-knives protruding from their pockets and Winchesters slung over their shoulders. There hasn't been so much as a shooting affray for I don't know how long, and a murder in a camp like this will excite immensely more attention than a "triple tragedy" in New York, and remain the leading topic of conversation for weeks.

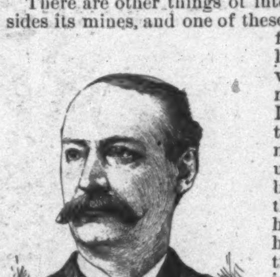
The number of men now employed in the district is much smaller than it probably will be when the new cyanide and chlorination mills are completed, and it will be possible to successfully treat large bodies of low-grade ore. At the present time very little rock is shipped which does not run more than $25 to the ton, and the Grant Smelting-works is reported to have handled 40,000 tons of ore whose average value was $78 per ton. It is figures like this which the Colorado man is never weary of pointing out to you, and ironically, and with intent to discomfit and confound, he adds that a great deal of Cripple Creek gold doesn't cost ten cents in the dollar to produce. For all their satisfaction at the gold discoveries, Colorado has not yet forgiven Congress or the East for destroying its chief industry. So they find a deep and subtle joy in recalling to your mind how the argument was used in the silver repeal agitation that silver cost less than twenty cents an ounce to produce. And they ask you maliciously if, when the East hears of the cost of gold production in Cripple Creek, there will be another movement to demonetize the yellow metal. The figures cited represent the literal truth. There is in Cripple Creek an astonishing amount of wonderfully high-grade ore. For example, the Victor Mine, one of the chief producers of the district, last year turned out 1400 tons of an average value of $230 to the ton. The entire cost of taking this ore from the mine, and including freight and smelting charges, would be under $25 per ton, so that in this instance the cost of production was just about ten cents in the dollar of gross gold, or about two dollars per ounce. One car of ore shipped from the Portland yielded $20,000 in gold, or about $2000 a ton, and President Burns of this mine told me that on one drift there is a chute of ore which assays 1900 ounces to the ton. There was ore found in the Doctor Mine, and I believe in others also, so rich that a hundred thousand dollars or more was stolen and carried out in the men's pockets. Quantities of it ran more than a dollar a pound, and some of it as high as ten or twenty dollars.

But the future of Cripple Creek does not rest upon its high-grade ores, but upon its hopes of a great body of low-grade rock, which, in turn, depends for its successful treatment upon cyanide and chlorination. Technical descriptions are quite out of place in such an article as this, but for those who have never seen a gold mine, and do not understand its workings, a word as to how the gold is got out of the rock may not be out of place.

In its outward aspect a gold mine is as intensely uninteresting as a black hole that you might blast in one of the big bowlders that lie up along Riverside Drive. And even the mineral-bearing vein itself, to the uninitiated eye, looks quite like any other. The rock as it comes from the mine mouth is dull and characterless, and you might never guess that it contained anything so interesting as yellow gold. The big ore wagons take it to the railroad tracks, and these in turn to the smelters or the cyanide mills. The gold of Cripple Creek, to be quite accurate, is carried in the form of tellurides, and lies in phonolitic dikes or fissurings in the porphyry overflow. The ores carry but little silver and are refractory, and only thirty or forty per cent. of the values can be saved by the stamp-mills. The high-grade ores are easily treated by the smelters, but the cost runs in the neighborhood of $12 or $15 per ton, paying $19 per ounce for gold. And this for ore which does not run more than an ounce to the ton is quite prohibitory.

It is here that the new cyanide process, which has been the chief factor in the success of the Kaffir mines, will play an important rôle in the mines of Colorado and Cripple Creek. The process, at least in its general features, is exceedingly simple. The ore is pulverized to a fine granulation and thrown into huge vats containing a solution of cyanide of potassium. The cyanide takes up the gold, which is then held in solution, just as you might dissolve sugar in water. This auriferous liquid is then run over zinc shavings, which precipitate the gold from the cyanide in the form of gold slimes. These, in turn, are put through the refinery at the mill, producing almost pure gold bullion.

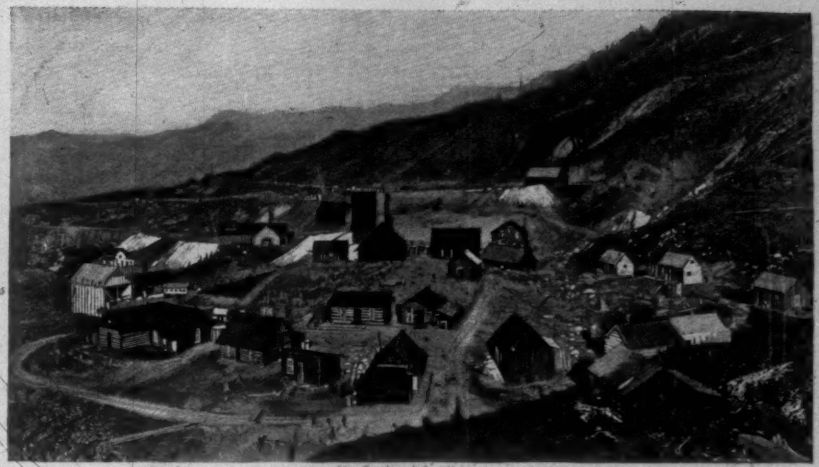
The new process applies to such ores as do not carry their values in the form of galena and some other base metals. By this process the Cripple Creek ores may be treated at a charge, including freights, of $7 or $8 a ton, where the ore is of low grade. The actual operating expenses are not over $3 a ton, and the rate for treatment will doubtless be greatly reduced in time. Eventually perhaps two-thirds, and possibly three-fourths of the ores of the district will be treated by this means. The chlorination process is rather more expensive, in that the ores must first be roasted before treatment by chlorine.



D. H. MOFFAT,
President of Victor Mining Company.

There are other things of interest in Cripple Creek besides its mines, and one of these, it seemed to me, was the fact that these rough and hardy miners should have voted recently, almost to a man, for woman suffrage. Indeed, in one of the little towns of the district, Altman, the vote was almost unanimous, and one member of the city council—they are all "cities" out here—is a woman. Altman has, I believe, the distinction of being the highest incorporated city in the world. And besides this it contains the little Homestead saloon, where "General Jack" Smith pulled the trigger for the last time. This "General Jack" Smith was one of the few desperadoes who ever came Cripple Creek way. He drifted into the camp about the time of the strike—the "miners' war"—and somehow or other, I suppose from natural qualities which always seem to assert their primacy on such occasions, the miners made him their leader. No one knew where he came from, but later, when he lay dying, he told the priest a little of his story, and disclosed the fact that he had been in his day a "bad man." But he had nerve. It was he who led a little handful of miners down Grassy Gulch, and met the regiments of militia, and said to them, "No farther!" And the troops went back, and came around the other way, and met with a similar repulse, and, indeed, never got into the miners' stronghold at all.

But, for the most part, life in Cripple Creek possesses little more interest than the life of a Pennsylvania colliery town. Not that it is without features novel to a man from the East. You visit the countless gambling-rooms; I do not mean the stock-exchanges, but where long rows of men sit, silently and sullenly, their faces, as it seemed to me, full of a dull despair, putting the little buttons over the squares that lie in front of them, and muttering coarse oaths when "keno" is called. These are the men from the mines, and if they do not gamble their money away in this dreary fashion, they spend it in the bare, ugly little dance-halls, where women with bloated and hardened and distorted and horrible faces invite them to drink and to dance. And late in the morning they stagger back to their quarters to catch a few hours of drunken sleep; and then, with blurred and sodden brains, they go down again into the mines—down into the murk and the drip, to pick and shovel, and drill and blast, and grow prematurely old in this foul and noisome air. For this is their life, these are their pleasures.



RED MOUNTAIN MINES.

You may call this picturesque if you like, but it seems to me there are other terms which might fit better.

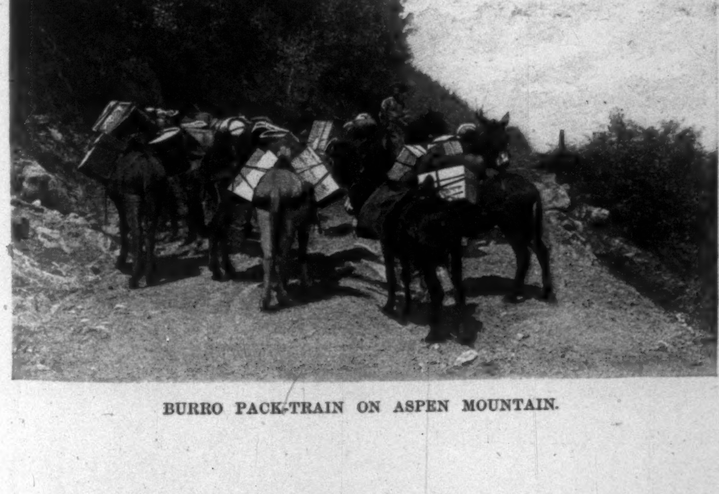
Upon a final point I spent some little care, for it is a matter in which many people seem to have taken a deep interest. That is the question of profitable investments in Colorado mines. I can best put my impressions into this shape: the gold-bearing district of Cripple Creek, so far as it is now known, embraces a little area with a radius of not more than three miles. It contains, all told, perhaps eight or ten square miles of ground. This at the outside would yield six or seven hundred full claims. On these there would be a possibility, I do not say a probability, of finding veins rich enough to bear the cost of working. There are in the district, so far, some twelve thousand located claims. You may judge of the probable value of the most of them.

Of these twelve thousand claims of course the many are merely fractional. About thirteen hundred are patented, and have title established. Of these thirteen hundred, two hundred are shipping ore. In other words, there are ten thousand odd claims in the district that so far as developed are practically worth nothing at all.

To put the matter in another way, upwards of nine hundred companies have been organized thus far to operate in the district, and dozens more are being put in the field each week. Of these nine hundred or more companies about six per cent., or fifty or sixty in all, own producing mines—that is to say, are taking out any appreciable quantities of good ore. And of the latter but twelve or fifteen are dividend-payers. In other words, less than two companies in a hundred so far yield any return whatever upon a stock investment.

Of course, in the clever and seductive circulars which the countless mining brokers scatter broadcast, you will read of this or that company which will be a dividend-payer the very next week, or the very next month, or something like that, and whose stock may be bought now for a song, and later be worth par. And they point to numerous instances—to such splendid mines as the Portland, for example. Just a year ago stock in the Portland was selling at 40 cents, and now it is somewhere around 200, and paying a dividend of 12 per cent. on this value. There are a number of such instances as this, so that it is slight wonder that people should lose their senses and invest in all sorts of worthless and "wild-cat" schemes that are thrown on the market. But if you will recall to mind that the gold kings of California did not make their money mining in the hills, but by manipulation on the stock exchanges, you may perhaps conclude to keep your money in a safe place. I do not mean that all of the stocks offered on the exchanges of Colorado are worthless, but I do mean to say that most of the companies that are being floated or offered in the East are the sort that have no standing, or will bring in Colorado nothing like the price asked for them East. It is a fact that more money is always spent on the claims next adjoining a bonanza mine than is ever taken out of the mine itself.

In Colorado, or, for that matter, all over the mining West, they divide mine-owners into producers and consumers—into the men who put money into a mine and the men who get money out of it. The meaning of this is that mining has come to be a business or a science which requires skill and training, and technical knowledge, and the same amount of shrewdness and ability which is required for success in any other line of trade. There may be greater follies than for an Eastern man to put his money into Colorado gold mines. Just at the moment I think of one—that is, speculating in mining stocks.



BURRO PACK-TRAIN ON ASPEN MOUNTAIN.

SKETCHES OF MINING LIFE.

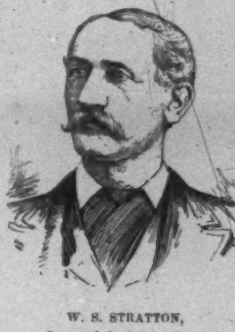
BY WILBERTINE TETERS.

NOTHING is more ludicrous to those familiar with the *bona fide* miner than the average description of mining life which portrays the miner as a rough, burly individual, who invariably wears high-topped boots, flannel shirt, and huge sombrero, and who addresses everybody, without exception, as either "pard," or "ma'am."

That "there are miners and miners," is true, but one is apt to run across people of education, refinement, and travel in the most isolated places in the mountains. Men come to retrieve fallen fortunes, and bring their families with them, since the sojourn is never looked upon as any but the most temporary, although it frequently lengthens into years. The hope of obtaining, in a short time, a fortune that could only be accumulated in years elsewhere is the cause, and motley indeed is the population of a mining camp or mining town. A graduate of a German university drove the mules on a "whim," while a former Mayor of Pittsburg sat on the "dump," and sorted ore in a town in southern Colorado. The graduate of the German university was also a member of the famous Seventh Regiment of New York, but he could not harness the mules to suit the manager of the mine, and threw up the position to dig a cellar by day and clerk in the post-office at night. In his cabin he had Royal Worcester side by side with bronzes and frying-pans in realistic and artistic confusion. Travel, search for health, and the novel life contribute their share to the population too.

There is a vague exhilaration in life in a mining town—a bustle, an excitement that admits of no resistance. It is never absolutely still. There is the dull throbbing of the engines at the large mines, the boom of the blast and sound of hammer and drill, or the talk and laughter of the men in the sorting-houses or on the dumps, for the air is marvellously clear, and the slightest sound is carried an incredible distance. And should these cease, there is the wind among the pines—that restless murmur and stir which is never wholly hushed, even on stillest days—and maybe the rush and trickle of water, those little mountain brooks that thread their way down the gulches, gurgling and splashing behind choke-cherry bush and hawthorn, widening into pools, where the cattle, coming to drink, have trampled their banks and effaced their borders.

My first impressions of a mining camp are all of glitter—glitter of mica in the sand beneath, glitter of the intense blue of the sky above; glare of dazzling sunlight on the slopes, where yellow prospect holes scarred the mountain-sides, and gleam of quartz and granite of distant ledges; the shrill cry of the blue-jay darting through the air, and the saucy defiance of the chipmonk audaciously near, and everywhere the fresh wholesome odor of pine—from the boughs and sap of the living tree, from the dead needles that carpet the forests with dull brown, from the logs and boards of the new cabins and houses—but everywhere the odor of pine.



W. S. STRATTON,
Owner of the Independence.

The rooms of the houses are finished inside with heavy rough paper nailed to the walls and ceilings, and the "missis" unpacks her Lares and Penates which she carries with her on her travels—some rugs, books, prints, and all the rest—and she is at home.

Then there is mining on the part of the men, with much excitement and eager discussion of assays and retorts, and width of pay streak, and every available window-ledge is filled with "specimens." It seems to be a recognized thing in the mountains that the place for a piece of ore is a window-sill.

"Come here," called the missis one morning. "I want you to look at my lord and master."

I went to the window where she was standing and saw a middle-aged man who commanded respect and veneration on the bench in a certain Eastern city, but I doubted whether his most ardent constituent would have accorded it him now. A small, round gray felt hat was jammed down disreputably over his iron-gray hair, his clothes were stained and discolored, and he himself was seated on a pile of rock, his hands clasped around his knees, contentedly watching a horse pursue an endless round on a whim. His face bore an expression of calm peculiar happiness, and he seemed to be at peace with the whole turbulent world.

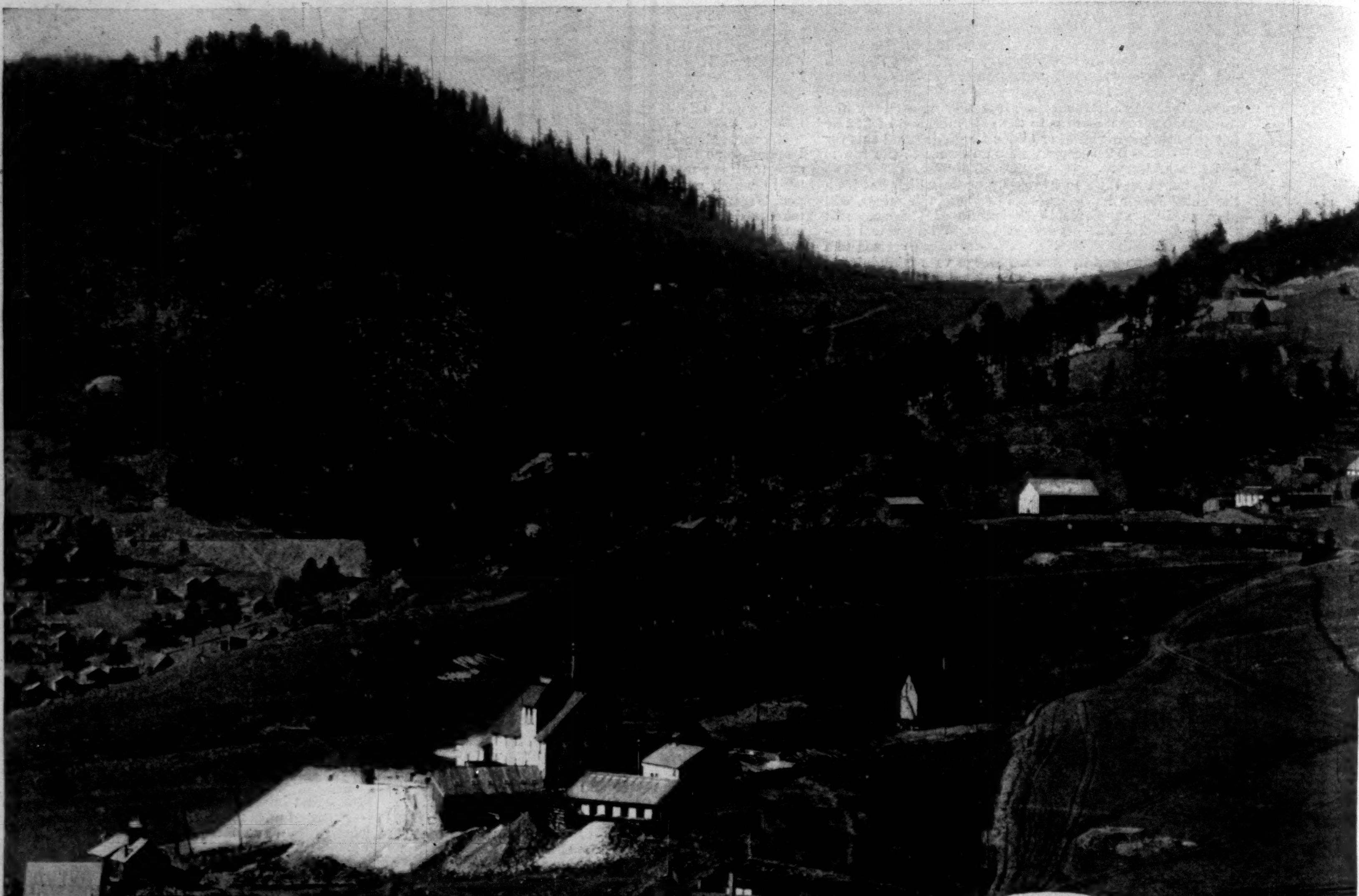
"He is absolutely fascinated with mining," said the missis. "He is making a new opening on the Belle View in hope of finding the vein they lost five years ago."

At this period a bucket of ore was drawn up from the shaft, and at the same time two men mysteriously appeared. The Judge jumped up instantly and hovered over the bucket as a bee over a flower. He drew a large white silk handkerchief from his pocket, plunged it in a can of water, and began washing off a piece of ore which he had seized from the bucket, then all three of the men examined it closely.

"A handkerchief a day," murmured the missis, pensively, "and six miles to the nearest town, which is only a little Western one with the usual resources. I remonstrated with him the other day, but his only answer was to call my attention to the 'free gold' they had struck."

"Did you see it?" I asked.

"Well, with the aid of the three miners, very strong ore-glasses, and a powerful imagination, I finally thought I saw a faint color. If we only don't become so insolvent that we can't get back home after his vacation is over, I don't care," she continued. "But I suppose I ought not to

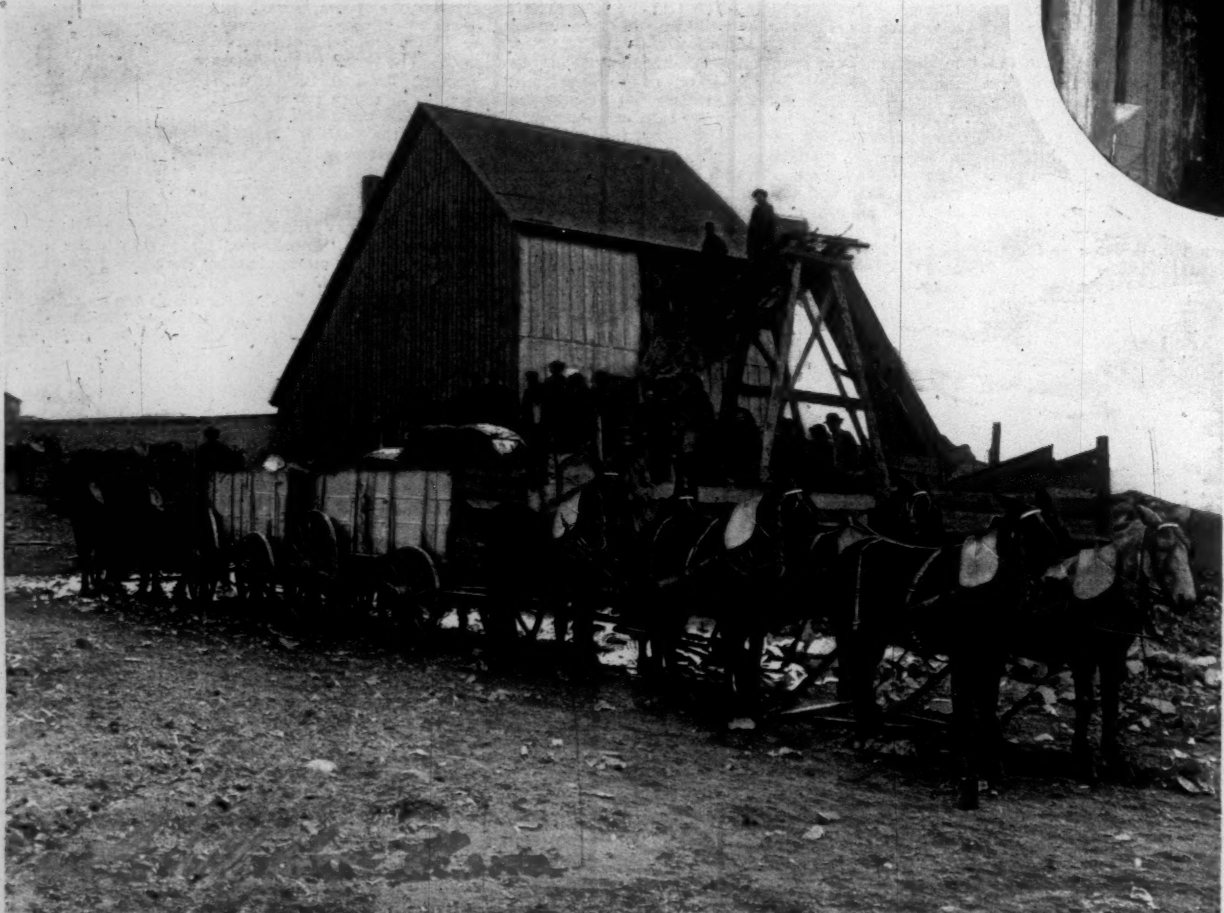


Independence Mine.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF BATTLE MOUNTAIN, SHOWING THE INDEPENDENCE AND PORTLAND MINES.

RAVEN
TUNNEL

OFFICE OF "



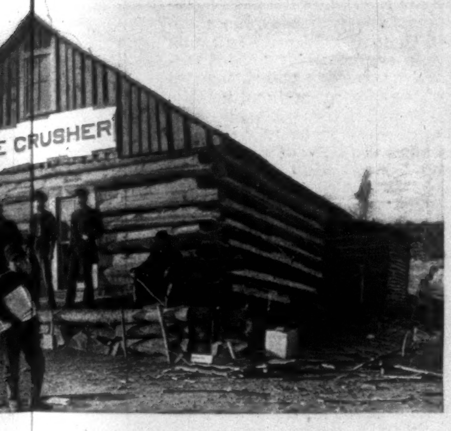
SHIPPING ORE FROM "THE PORTLAND," THE LARGEST PRODUCER IN CRIPPLE CREEK.

IN THE CRIPPLE CREEK

The Portland.

"JUST OFF THE SHIFT"

INCLINE SHAFT—PHARMACIST MINE.



OF "THE CRUSHER."

WAITING FOR AN INJUNCTION TO BE DISSOLVED.

CRIPPLE CREEK.

EEK GOLD-FIELDS, COLORADO.

FLUME FOR PLACER MINING.

say anything, for I never knew him to be happier in his life. His physician told him he must come to Colorado, and he at once made up his mind to come here and work his mine for the summer. He had owned the Belle View for five years, and had only seen it once in that time, and he concluded not to lease it this summer, but to work it himself. Once, two years ago, he was about to open his eyes at the price of a set of pearls I had selected, but I turned to him and said: 'Don't say anything. You paid fifty thousand dollars for a little insignificant scarf-pin.' 'Fifty thousand dollars for a scarf-pin!' he said. 'Yes,' I answered. 'You paid fifty thousand dollars for the Belle View Mine, and all you ever got out of it was a little piece of quartz and gold that you had mounted on a pin, and you won't even wear it.'"

"You got the pearls?"

"Oh yes," she answered.

The missis was a bright cheery woman, and soon knew everybody in the camp. She was a constant trial, however, to the man who kept the one grocery store, sending continually for strange edibles of which he had never heard. When I went in the store one day and asked timidly if he kept white pepper, he raised his gray head from behind the counter and fixed on me a look of deep scorn. "You'll be asking for white blackberries next," he said, sternly. And that was the only answer I got. And when we sent for "kerosene," he invariably said, "Oh yes—coal-oil."

There was a dance once a week, held on Saturday night, that the men might sleep late in the morning. We went to one. It was held in the school-house, and the music consisted of one violin and an organ. The dances were nearly all square, out of respect to the old people, who were in the majority. Everybody went, even children. The assembly was "mixed." There were two or three old grizzled men, who, with their wives, looked as if they came from Pike County; there was a civil engineer, who was adding this to the novelty of his experiences, and a young mining engineer, just graduated — quite too nice for every-day use; a graduate of an Eastern law school, who had come West in the zenith of his youth, buried his sheepskin, and openly announced that he was going to get what he could out of life and the mines. He seemed to get a good deal out of life. He knew only the lights of Western life, not the shadows. There were also a few stray people congenial to the missis, an ex-Senator who spent the evening in telling the Judge how the Little Johnny vein dipped in the White Crow side-lines, and a sprinkling of children. The school-teacher and myself were the only young women. Those who did dance danced very industriously until about midnight, when, escorted by a laughing crowd of young men with lanterns, in single file, we climbed the steep path to our cabin.

The cemetery of our mining-camp had its peculiar charm. It was at the summit of a gentle slope, in a grove of pine-trees, and within a stone's-throw of two of the largest mines in the vicinity, and so near the highway that teams passing each other were obliged to wind in and out among the graves. The cemetery was first in the place, but the mines were discovered, and its peace was invaded by the sound of hammer and drill, the loud report of the blast, the throbbing of the engines, and the talk and laughter of the men on the dump, and the constant passing of wagons.

The missis and I looked upon it and indulged in many theories. We imagined that this familiarity with it robbed it of its fearful aspects, and we wondered why cemeteries could not be turned into parks, where little children could play among the graves and people pass constantly to and fro.

These mountain cemeteries are oppressive, haunting. Sometimes they are on the mountain-sides, where, the missis and I calculated—the Judge accused us of having a "hankering" after such cheerful spots—the graves must be nearly perpendicular, and the inhabitants standing on their feet. We spent many a pensive hour in melancholy musings on an opposite slope, wondering who mourned these people, how far they were from the spot where they had first opened their eyes, and what futures their mothers planned for them when they were children—and we recalled Mrs. Hemans's poem.

From the fever of lead, or lode, mining the Judge passed into the fever of placer mining, and the house became the natural destination of books descriptive of hydraulic plants, reports of civil engineers, estimates of the fall of water, etc. He also exhibited to us phials full of black sand; then turning the sand in a saucer and pouring water on it, he would reveal to us the gold it contained.

The climax was reached when we were taken to visit a placer mine. It was a day's journey from our camp.

"Placer mining," explained the Judge, "consists of moving auriferous deposits from one point to another, the gold being saved while in transit. Sluice mining is doing this on a small scale, and hydraulic mining is doing it on a large scale. What we are going to see now is sluice mining."

The placer mining was carried on in what was certainly a beautiful spot, a little valley, whose peaceful green meadows were torn up by great ugly trenches and scarred by great piles of rocks and dirt. Down these trenches ran the sluice-boxes, and through these the dirt was carried by means of water, force being obtained by the grade of the boxes. While the dirt is being carried through the boxes, the gold, from its specific gravity, settles in the riffles—a contrivance placed in the bottom of the boxes to retain the gold—and is taken up by means of quicksilver, which is placed in these riffles to prevent the gold from escaping.

It was very fascinating. In one sluice-box, where the water had been turned off, I was allowed to gather up some quicksilver in an iron spoon; holding the spoon over a little camp-fire out-doors, and turning my head away to avoid the fumes, I soon had a small lump of pale yellow gold. The miners, however, do not adopt such a primitive method in amalgamating the gold.

Even more fascinating it was to pan out the dirt—washing it away gently until only the black sand remains, and finally the little flakes of gold.

The Judge said placer-mining was the most satisfactory. A man could see what he was getting. He did not have dull gray or brown rock, which choice would induce him to throw away, but prudence would impel him to send to the mills. In placer mining he had the gold in its natural state, and could not mistake it for anything else.

"Still, I hope he won't buy it," whispered the missis.

I comforted her by telling her the Judge probably made these last remarks in memory of the black-looking ore he threw over the dump at the Belle View, and which he afterward learned was the richest ore the Belle View had ever produced.

A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

XII.—A FLAW IN INDIAN PROGRESS.

JUST now, when a large and influential body of politicians is seeking to destroy the five governments of the red men in the Indian Territory, it is a curious and interesting fact that no man has charged them with cruelty, or with any other than the milder traits of savagery. In the assaults that our government's agents have made upon their forms of civilization, the criticisms have been confined to the allegations that the Indians have proved to be corruptible in office, especially as legislators; that as a race they are lazy and improvident, and that they have not been able to prevent the growth of a complex and intolerable condition, due to the intrusion of a large number of whites, whose children are not able to get schooling. In all the reports of commissioners, agents, and census reporters, nearly all tainted with special pleading in favor of handing the rich Territory over to the whites, these are the worst charges laid at the red man's door.

It struck me that while I was in the Territory recently none of the land-grabbers told me that the Indians were savage or inhuman in their relations towards one another or towards the whites. It is true that a hard-up politician, seeking a reason for urging us to violate our treaties, asserted that the practice of the Seminoles, who shoot their criminals upon conviction of a fourth offence, was an outrage that disfigured *our* civilization. That was the only reference to Indian inhumanity that I encountered, and now I have read over all the government reports that I have collected—and I know of no others of recent date—without finding the once bloodthirsty and brutal red men charged with a continuance of this quality of cruelty. The census writers mention the fact that convicts are shot for certain offences and whipped for others, but not one of them finds fault with the practices.

I know that the punishment by whipping, usually with hickory withes, is often meted out with severity, but no white critic has found that to be a reason for seizure of the Territory, and I have yet to hear of such whippings there as are reported to have taken place in our own State of Delaware. In the execution of felons by shooting, the law is carried out with such an absence of the angry spirit of revenge as to have excited the wonder of the whites. It is described in a United States government report in these words: "When an Indian is condemned to death by shooting he is given a period, thirty days usually, in which to go home and fix up his affairs. He goes without guard or control, arranges all of his earthly matters, bids his friends and family good-by, returns at the time appointed, and is promptly shot. Not one man of the many so permitted to go home after conviction, up to 1890, has failed to appear for execution."

All the Indians in the Five Nations are forbidden by their own laws to carry concealed weapons and to display them threateningly. The citizens are severely punished if they do one another bodily injury. Yet these laws are not the ones that are oftenest broken, and the murders in the Territory (eighty per cent. of them) are committed by white men. Unlike the Indians in their wild state, these civilized red men look generously after their poor and unfortunate. When one recalls the fierce and warlike character of the Creeks of a few decades gone by, the savage nature of the Delawares, and the trouble this nation was put to in order to subdue the Seminoles, the wonder increases at seeing the immediate descendants of these warrior bands so docile now. We cannot believe that the spirit which made them so belligerent and fierce in their wild state can have departed entirely in the lifetime of a generation. Nor has it; but we are obliged to look in the direction last to be thought of—to observe them at play—in order to find a strong trace of the old-time savagery. And, so far as I am aware, it is only in their game of ball that we see the dying embers yield even this little spurt of flame, which, at the worst, serves to remind us of some of our own diversions.

The game of ball was, in all probability, the American national game before there were any white men in America. Nearly all the red tribes had the game in some form, and in the Indian Territory to-day it remains the chief sport of the young full-bloods, who play it with a mad enthusiasm such as we lend to no game, but nearly approach in the most exciting of our football matches. Men are not only invariably hurt in these Indian contests, but they are very often maimed, and not infrequently killed. So thoroughly is the intense earnestness in the sport appreciated by the members of the tribes that nothing except the grief of the relatives follows the killing of a player, and even that is lacking, or too diluted to be noticed, when players are merely crippled for life in the heat of the play.

The wildest of the civilized Five Nations in the Indian Territory is that of the Seminoles, and these are the red men who are fondest of the very ancient game. Like all the Indians, they depend upon the ministrations of their priests or medicine-men in order to obtain thorough confidence in their skill, and thus have gone a point farther in nationalizing their sport and welding it among their fixed institutions than we have done with baseball. The descriptions of their game that have been published show that it is, in all the tribes, akin to the lacrosse of the Northern redskins, and yet it is not often found to be precisely alike in any two tribes.

A very old resident of the Seminole nation, Mr. John T. Lowrey, has recently described the game of that people in a letter in a Texas newspaper. He says that after a clear field has been chosen each of the two opposing bands that are to play set up their goals a few hundred feet apart. These goals consist of a pair of light poles twenty feet high, crossed at the top by a bar, perhaps, six feet long. The ground between the two goals is level, and either bare dirt or grass-grown. The game begins in the morning and lasts during the greater part of daylight. Very early in the morning the players begin to arrive. There may be as many as sixty, or thirty to a side. They are the athletic fellows of the tribe, and are mainly young men. When they reach the ball ground they keep in two separate groups, each band to its side; for, whether or no they actually feel hostility toward one another, they make a great point of exhibiting the strongest signs of animosity, contempt, and defiance one side for the other. Arrived on the ground, they strip themselves of whatever clothing they came in, and presently appear in nothing but "gee-strings," or breech-clouts, with a scarf so arranged as to fall in front of them between their legs. Almost all of the previous day, and perhaps far into the night, they have been listening to the counsel and exhortation of their magic-gifted medicine-men, who have endeavored by stirring eloquence to inspire them with courage, and by incantation and mysterious methods to render them superhumanly supple, strong, hard of flesh, and capable of the utmost endurance of pain. Each player, on either side, has proudly marched and capered in front of the medicine-man of his band, and after gathering handfuls of clay, has applied parts of it to such regions of his arms and legs and chest and neck as the wise man has declared to be in need of "medicine." To make his prescriptions effective the sorcerer has all this time kept up a continuous shouting, chanting, muttering, and gesticulation—the which, coupled with his painted face and outlandish ornaments, have made him seem, to white men's eyes at least, as diabolical as he is barbaric.

Each player has brought two rackets, or clubs; for the game requires two for each man. These are made of hickory, and are about three feet in length. The handle is left of a thickness to suit the hand, but at a little distance from the end begins to taper gradually toward the loop end—the bottom. At that end the wood is sufficiently thin to have been bent into the loop shape, and held in that form by a binding of fine thongs. The sides of the loop are slanted, or bent inward, like the sides of a scoop, and the scoop thus formed is completed by a criss-cross of lacing with buckskin strings, so that the ball cannot pass through the interstices. The ball is a soft one covered with buckskin. The players begin by crowding together, each party by its goal, and by marching around and around the goal, flinging at each other the most fiendish yells, and capering, dancing, and grimacing in a manner quite as suggestive of Chinese warfare as so much that our Indians do is apt to suggest their fancied Oriental origin. This preliminary ceremony ended, the two bands rush to the middle of the play-ground and indulge in a hand-to-hand combat, in which there is nothing at all of Chinese pretence, but much actual and very hard fighting. Thus each side shows the other of what mettle it is possessed and what each has to expect. In this first encounter some men are certain to be disabled.

Then the ball game begins. Every alternate man in each camp is assigned to a place beside every alternate man of the opposing band, and thus the players are paired, each couple representing both sides. Each goal is thus fronted by the proper number of players, but they are equally divided in their interests. The umpire now advances to the centre of the open play-ground and tosses the ball high in air. Instantly the players rush to get it, and the play is begun. The aim of each side is to pass the ball between the posts that form its goal, to do this twenty times, to complete the score first, and to prevent the other side from scoring. All the manœuvring must be done with the rackets. With them the ball must be stopped or caught, and rescued and thrown. And wherever it goes, thither presses the pushing, scrambling, fighting throng of yelling and grunting players, each with his body wet and glistening like polished porphyry, with his facial muscles set, and his frame as lithe and elastic as rubber. The play to prevent a man from passing the ball to or toward his goal is often mere fighting, for he must be prevented from doing so even though it be necessary to stun or disable or even to kill him. The play is to win, and the men pommel one another fiercely with their rackets. It is said that in moments of great excitement the rackets are sometimes clubbed and used with fearful effect. Blood flows freely, and the skin of the faces of the players is often laid open in great gashes and gaping wounds. As man after man is knocked out each is taken off the field and laid or set down upon the grass to receive what rude attention he can, or none at all, after the game is finished.

The once warlike Creeks, now in the group of the five civilized nations in the Indian Territory, still show strong traces of their old fierceness and love of battle in much the same game of ball. The greatest games of the year take place on the last day of the Busk or Green-Corn Dance, a four days' festival that is celebrated at harvest-time. The whites in the Creek nation and those of a wide region around it attend the place of festivity in great numbers to witness the annual game. The Creek rackets are thirty inches long, of hickory wood, and made by splitting young saplings. The cup end of each is framed by looping the thin end, made by whittling the wood down to a sixth of an inch in thickness where it is bound to the handle. The cup is perhaps five inches long and half as wide, and is laced across with buckskin cord in order to retain the ball. These bats or rackets are well seasoned, and rubbed with deer's tallow to make them tough.

As is the case in the Seminole nation, the games are played between men of two classes, as, for instance, between the beavers and turtles, or the turkeys and wolves. The two companies gather on the day before the game, and put in the entire night of that day in warlike and magical ceremonies—chanting, dancing, and getting all sorts of "good medicine," in the shape of both counsel and physic, from the medicine-men. In the morning they assemble on the play (?) ground, where the goals have been erected 200 yards apart. These goals also are frames made of twenty-foot poles, driven in four feet apart, and spanned by a bar of that length. The players of each class strip to the skin and undergo a final examination, one at a time, by the medicine-men. It is said that others, even of their own class, may not approach them. That would be "bad medicine," which is to say unlucky. I take it that this religious dedication of men to the sport or battle they are about to take up is a general custom, for I have more than once been warned to keep away from the near neighborhood of Indians who have been "prepared" by their medicine chiefs—even in cases of mock ceremonials that I have paid men to perform out of season.

The contestants apply the war-paint to their faces and bodies, and then march to the centre of the open ground, and laying their bats upon the earth, suffer them to be inspected, after which a warrior chief of each clan, one at a time, advances to the centre and harangues the players, bidding them be valorous and invincible. The ball is then tossed up and the sport is begun. The men are divided on each side into three groups, the more tough and mettlesome being in the foreground in front of the tallest ones, who are put behind them to catch the ball when it flies high. The fleetest runners are back of all, because that is where they are needed to run with the ball when there is a chance to pass it under the bar that spans the tall wicket of the clan. An umpire is chosen by each clan, and the two seat themselves in a place appointed for them. Each has twenty sharpened pegs, and whenever his clan scores a point he pegs it in the earth, if the umpire for the other side agrees that the point was won. The rules of the play forbid the handling of the ball. It should never touch the ground, and under no circumstances may a player touch it with his hand. The game is played with such earnestness that in the course of it limbs and skulls are apt to be broken, and it is a matter of record that four men were killed in a single one of these contests.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE THROWING OF THE BLOODY DAGGER.

INDEED it had been no likeable job to deny Cassillis that night. For with the fighting, the treasure, and the reproaches of Kelwood, whom he could hardly be kept from finishing with his own hand, his spirit was apt for wars and stratagems, all the more that he had little experience of blows or the smart of wounds. Kelwood we left with those of his dependents that had been in the tower with him. His wound proved not so serious as it might have been, and in a month he was safe with the Laird of Kerse, which thing occasioned a most bitter quarrel between Cassillis and the Craufords of Kerse, as indeed hereafter ye shall hear.

It was already graying for the dawn when we reached the House on the Red Moss. Black Peter was at the door, and within the kitchen a large fire was blazing, which, because the night was chill, and the sweat of fighting not well dried on us, we were right glad to see. We laid the chest in a little trance at the back of the kitchen, setting it upon an oatmeal ark which stood there.

Black Peter went out to hold our horses while we talked together, and left his daughter, a lass of about my own years or thereby, to wait upon us. Meeting the lass in the dusk of the trance, on pretext of seeing that the treasure was safe, I took a kiss of her—not that I liked it overmuch, or that her favors were precious, but because such like is held a soldier's privilege at an inn, and no more to be disregarded than the reckoning. Indeed, somewhat less.

But she dang me soundly on the ear for it, so that my head rang again.

"Go," she said, "grow thy beard before ye make up to kiss women. I would as soon kiss the back of my hand as a man wanting the beard to his face."

Thus she gave me back the woman's buffet of the tongue, and I could have answered her, and well too, but that I saw behind me Cassillis himself, and right heartily he was laughing—which, I do admit, disconcerted me no little, and brought me to silence.

"Ah, lad," he said, "have ye not learned from your experience of this night that women are just like castles? Ye must reconnoitre them before ye can take them by direct assault."

He went by, giving me a clap on the shoulder, as one that had sympathy both with the winning of castles and of women. And I think he liked me none the worse for it in the long-run. But I hoped that he would not tell the Tutor of it, for my master, Sir Thomas of Culzean, being a grave man and reverend, was not apt to look upon the follies of youth with so kindly and comprehending an eye.

Within the kitchen of the Inn of the Red Moss there was liquor, and all the Cassillis faction were gathered there quaffing and pledging one another. They were flushed with their success, and were keen for assaulting some of the Bargany strongholds at once.

But the Tutor cautioned them.

"Mind what ye do. Young Bargany is as a lion compared to that braying ass we left behind us at Kelwood; and John Muir of Auchendrayne has the wisest head and the evilest heart in broad Scotland. Be patient and abide. Ye have gotten the treasure. Let us be content and wait."

"Ay, and by waiting give them the next score in the game!" said the young Earl, scornfully, for he, too, was hot with success.

So they stood about the kitchen with drinking-cups of horn in their hands, and the Earl unfolded a plan of the great house of Bargany, and began to explain how it might be taken.

"But," he said, "we must wait till by some overt and considered act of war Bargany gives me the right to execute justice within my Balliary of Carrick, as is my legal right. Then right swiftly we shall strike before that Bargany can reach us with the sword, or John Muir of Auchendrayne foil us by getting at the King with his fox's cunning."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when a silence fell upon us. The Earl ceased speaking and inclined his head as though he were harkening for the repeating of a sound.

We who listened with him heard something that was like the clattering of a horse's feet at a gallop, which came nearer and nearer. There arose a cry from the front of the house, the wild scream, the parting cry of a man stricken to death with steel. Then broke forth about the Inn of the Red Moss the rush of many horses snorting with fear and fleeing every way, while we that were in the house stood as we had been carved in stone, so sudden and unexpected was this thing.

The Earl stood by the table in the centre with his hand still on the plan of the house of his enemy. Sir Thomas was still bending down to look, when all suddenly the glass of the window crashed, and a missile came flashing through, thrown by a strong man's hand. It fell with a ring of iron across the paper that was on the table. It was a dagger heavily hilted with silver. But what thrilled me with fear was that the blade of it was red nearly to the hilt, and distilled fresh dripping blood upon the paper.

Then there was heard from without something that sounded like a man laughing, but a man that had been in hell, and again there came the galloping of a horse's feet.

The first in all the house to run to the door was no other than the lass I had tried to kiss. She flung the door open and ran to a dark thing which lay across the paving-stones of the little causeway in front of the inn.

"My father—oh, my father!" she cried.

We that were within also rushed out by the front door, forgetting all else, and filled with dread for what we might see.

The dawn was coming red from the east, and there in the first flush of it lay Black Peter, plain to be seen, a dark tide welling from his side, and his young daughter trying pitifully to stanch it with the bit napkin wherewith she had bound her hair to make her pleasant in men's eyes.

When Peter of the Red Moss saw the Earl, he tried to raise himself upon his elbow from the ground. His hand went waveringly to his head as if to remove his bonnet in the presence of his chief.

Cassillis sank on his knees beside him and took his hand. There was a fragment of a leather rein still in it, cut with a clean slicing cut.

"Peter, Peter, poor man, who has done this to you?" he asked.

The man that was about to die turned his eyes this way and that.

"My Lord, my Lord," he said, struggling with the choking blood that rose in his throat, "it was—it was—the Gray Man—"

And the Earl listened for more with his ear down to Peter's mouth, but the spirit of the man who had died for his master ebbed away without another word. So there was nothing left for us to do but carry him in. And this we did in the young sunshine of a pleasant morning. And the maid washed and streeked him, moaning and crooning over him without a word, as a dove does that wants company.

I went into the trance to fetch her a basin of clear water. The top of the meal-ark was empty!

"My Lord—the chest!" I cried, and all save the maid alone rushed in. The treasure of Kelwood was gone! Without the door, on the trampled clay and mud, there were the steads of many naked feet. But of the treasure-chest for which we had done so much that night, we saw neither hilt nor hair, clasp nor band.

Only in the kitchen of the House on the Red Moss there was a dead man and a maid mourning over him; on the table a dagger, red to the guard, and from it a man's life-blood blotting out with a bitter scorn the plans of our wisest and the enmity of our proudest.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CROWN OF THE CAUSEWAY.

I RODE forth from Edinburgh town with infinite glee and assurance of spirit. No longer could I be slighted as a boy. For that day I, even I, Launcelot Kennedy, had been put to the horn. I had been proclaimed rebel and outlaw at the Cross of Edinburgh with these blasts of the King's horn: "John, Earl of Cassillis, Sir Thomas of Culzean, called the Tutor of Cassillis, and Launcelot Kennedy, his esquire!" So had run the proclamation. I wondered what that unkempt, ill-tongued lassie, Nell Kennedy, would say to this.

It is true that there were others as well as I—the Earl himself, that is a sitter in the King's council board; Sir Thomas, my master, and, indeed, all that had any hand in the great contest in the High Street of Edinburgh. How close had every leal burgess kept within-doors and screamed for the watch! How the town guard kept themselves safe within-doors and were very quiet—for there was hardly a man to be seen from the Castle of Holyrood House that was not a Kennedy, trying to kill some other Kennedy—as is ever the way with our name and clan.

We of Cassillis had ridden to Edinburgh to denounce the Bargany faction to the King in the matter of the treasure and the killing of Black Peter. Not that we knew for certain that it was Bargany who had a hand in the murder and rieving. But it was necessary to make a bold face for it, and at all events we knew that it was done in Bargany's interests. So we went, all prepared to declare that the active criminal was Bargany's brother, Thomas of Drummurchie, a bold and desperate villain, who had been outlawed for years for many a crime besides murder in all its degrees. Also we hoped that if the King were in a good humor towards us of Cassillis, who were the men of loyalty and peace, he might even attaint Bargany himself, so that our Earl, being the Bailzie or chief ruler of Carrick under the King, might get his will of him and thus put an end to the quarrel. For there was no other hope of peace but that our enemies should be laid waste.

But we found King James in aught but a yielding mood. The ministers of Edinburgh, and in especial Mr. Robert Bruce, a man of very great note, and once a great favorite with the King, had been setting themselves against his will. So we got little satisfaction, and it did not help matters that on the second day of our visit the Bargany Kennedys and Muirs rode into the town in force—all sturdy men from the landward parts of Carrick, while we were mostly from the side that looks towards the sea.

The next day, as I went down the Canongate, with the gold lace of Cassillis on my bonnet, I declare that nearly every third man I met was a Bargany lout, swaggering with his silly favor of red and white in his cap. But, for all that, I ruffled it in despite of them, letting no man cock his feather at me. I had a way, which I found exceedingly irritating to them, of turning the skirt of my blue coat over my shoulder when I met one of the other faction, as if I feared defilement from the contact of their garments. This I did with the underlings—ay, even with Muir of Cloncaird. Indeed, I had my long sword three times out of its sheath by the time I got to the guard-house at Holyrood.

It was just there that I met young Bargany himself, coming direct from the King's presence. But I practised my pleasantry not with him, for a more kingly-looking man did I never see—far beyond our Earl (shame be to me for saying such a thing!), and, indeed, before any man that ever I saw. For Gilbert Kennedy of Bargany was the bravest man that was to be gotten in any land, as all men that saw him do to this day admit; and hearts were like water before him.

He was of his stature tall, well made, with a complexion black and comely, noble on horseback, and a master both of arms and of all pastimes. And when I saw him it came upon me to salute him, which, though I had small intention thereof till I saw him, I did. It was with some surprise, seeing, no doubt, the Earl's colors, that he returned my greeting, and that very graciously. The moment after I looked about me, and was right glad to observe that none of our folk had been in the place of the palace to observe my salutation.

After this we went in parties of three or four, and our swords were in our hands all the day, in spite of the watch—ay, in spite even of the King's Guard, which his Majesty had sent to keep the peace when he himself had gone off to Linlithgow in the sulks, as at this time was often his wont.

For me, I went chiefly with Sir Thomas, my master, as was my duty; but being allowed to choose my companions, I chose Muckle Hugh, from Kirrimore, which marches with mine own home of Kirrieoch on Minnochside. Hugh was the strongest man in all Carrick, and had joined the command for the love of me, because he had once herded sheep for us, and my mother had been kind to him and given him new milk for his porridge.

And I warrant you when the two of us took the crown of the causeway, we stepped aside for no man, not even for Bargany and his brother Drummurchie, had we seen them once, which by good luck we never did. But others we saw in plenty. It was "Bargany thieves," "Cassillis cairds," as we cried one to the other across the street; and the next moment we were ruffling and strutting like gamecocks, foot to foot in the midst of the causeway, neither willing to give way. Then "Give them iron!" would be the cry; and in the clapping of hands there would be as pretty a fight as one might wish to see, till, behold, there was a man stretched. And all this completed from beginning to end while the clock of St. Giles was jangling the hour of noon.

For the matter of the killing of Black Peter, and the way that lassie, his daughter, held his head as she washed him, abode with us, and made our hearts hot against the Barganys. That is, the hearts of the younger of us, for I wit well that the elders thought more of the lost box of treasure than of many men's lives far more famous and necessary than that of poor Black Peter, who died at his duty at the house door on the Red Moss. And that is not at all an ill death to die.

But there came a day when the ill blood came to a head. It was bound to come, because for weeks the two factions of us Kennedys had been itching to fly at each other's throats. The Barganys mostly lodged together in the lower parts of the town beneath the Nether Bow, both in order to keep us from the King, when he was at Holyrood House; and also to be near the haunts of those loose characters of the baser sort with whom they chiefly consorted.

We on our part dwelled in the upper part of the town, in the well-aired Lawnmarket, and in the fashionable closes about the Bowhead. For none of us, so far as I knew, desired to mix or to mell with loose company, save an it might be the Earl himself, that being "the custom and privilege of the nobility," as Morton said to his leman, when he wished to change to another.

Now we had among us of our company one Patrick Wishart, an indweller in Irvine and a good fighter. He was an Edinburgh man born, and knew all the town, every lane and street, every bend and bow, every close and pend and turning in it. He also knew that which was even more valuable, where the King's Guard were, and how to shut them up till we had done our needs with our foes. He knew besides where each of the leaders among the Barganys dwelt.

On the day appointed the Earl gave us all a meeting-place by the back of Saint Giles' High Kirk, beneath the wall of the Tolbooth. And there we mustered at ten of the clock one morning. It was a windy day, and the airs blew shrewdly from the eastern sea, as is their use and wont in the High Street of Edinburgh.

Now our young Earl had plenty of silver, though he parted with it but seldom. But he had spent it lavishly during these days in Edinburgh, so that all the common orders in our upper part of the town held him to be the greatest man and the best that ever lived. And as for the vices, he showed they were easy popular ones, such as common folk readily excuse and even approve in the great.

So as we went down the street all the windows in the armorers' shops in the booths about the Kirk of Saint Giles were opened, and as many as desired were supplied with spears, and pikes, and long-handled Highland axes,

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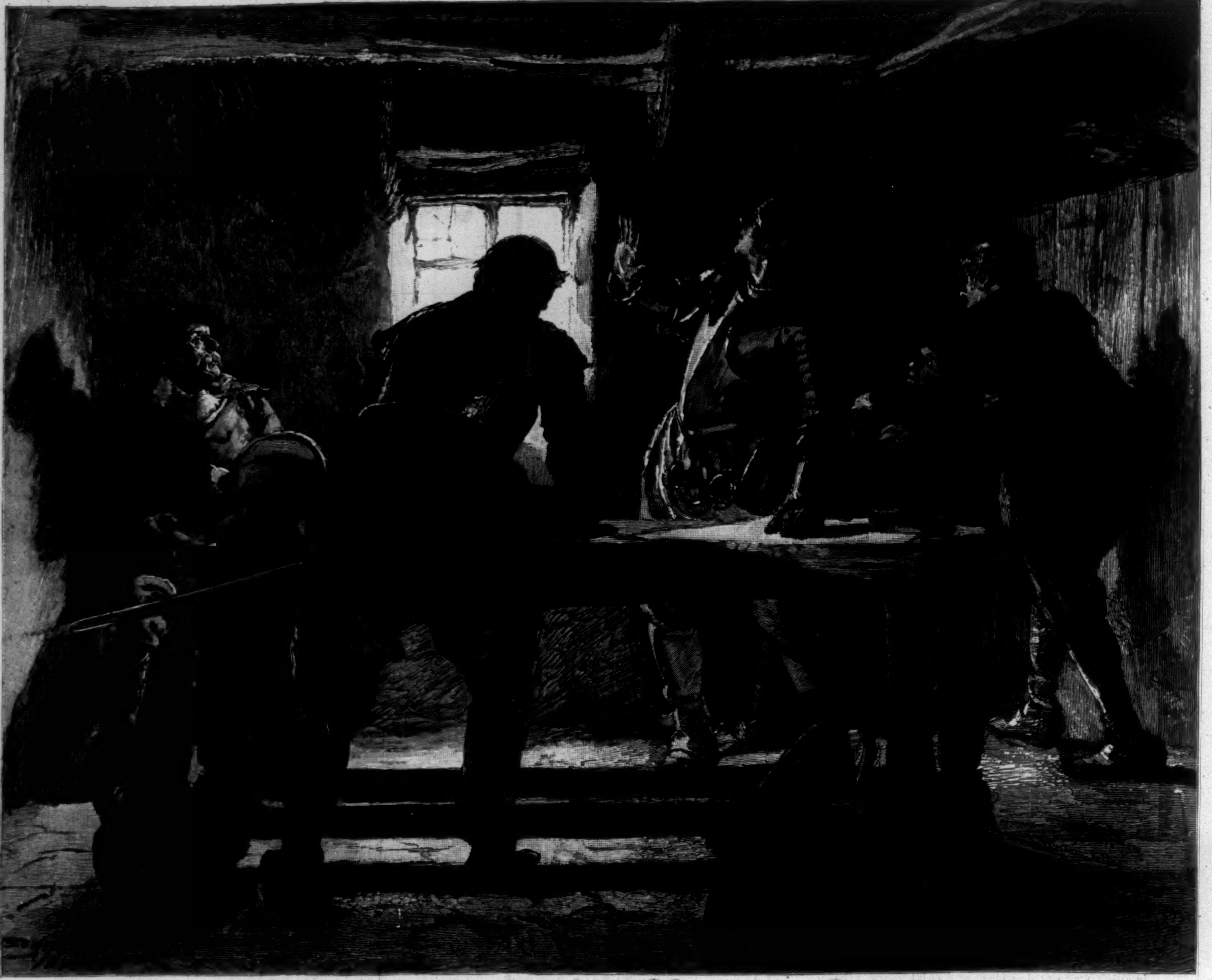
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2087.



"SUDDENLY THE GLASS OF THE WINDOW CRASHED AND A MISSILE CAME FLASHING THROUGH."

each with a grappling-hook at the back, such like as had brought many a good knight down at the Red Harlaw.

And these were a great advantage to us; for though we were much fewer in numbers, yet we had longer weapons of assault, and also the upper side of the street to fight from.

Then we sallied forth, crying, "A Kennedy!" and the streets were lined to see us go; and many a douce burgher's wife, knowing our good intentions, and our not companying with the riotous troublers of the town, gave us her blessing from an upper window.

Patrick Wishart advised that we should stop up all the alleys and closes as far down as the Blackfriar's Wynd with barricadoes of carts, barrels, and puncheons, to prevent the enemy's sallying forth upon us from behind. It was a good thought, and but for a foe without, which we knew not how to reckon with, it had been completely successful. Down by the Nether Bow, where the street narrows, was the place where we saw the Bargany faction drawn across the street to resist us and contemn the King's authority.

When we saw them we gave a shout and heaved our weapons into the air, that they might see the excellence of our arming. They gave a shout back again, and I saw in front of their array Bargany himself with a steel casque on his head, the sun glinting the while on a steel cuirass which covered him back and front. Then I gave the word to blow up the matches, for I was well kenned for a good soldier and proper marksman, and by my Lord himself put over the hackbutmen, which was a great honor for one so young. So we advanced to the onset. But first my Lord of Cassillis, going to the front, cried to Kennedy of Bargany to know why he withstood him in the highway of the King's principal town.

"Because ye have lied concerning me to the King. Because ye have slain my men, hated my race, and sought to bring me to my death!" answered back young Bargany, in a clear high voice.

"Ye lie! Have at you with the sword!" cried our Earl, who was never a great man with his tongue, though sometimes masterful enough with his hands.

So with that I gave the order, and our hackbutmen shot off their pieces, and more than one of the wearers of the red and white fell headlong.

"A Kennedy! A Kennedy!" cried the Earl. "To it, my lads!"

And in a moment we were on them. We had dropped our matchlocks and taken to the steel, so that the first thing that I knew I was at Thomas of Drummurchie's throat with my borrowed pike. He roared an oath, and leaping to the side, he struck the shaft with his two-handed sword, which shore the shaft off near to my upper grip. And there is little doubt but that I had been spent ere I could draw my sword had not Muckle Hugh brought his broadsword down upon the steel cap of the Wolf of Drummurchie, so that he was beaten to the ground, and, being senseless, men trampled upon him as the battle swayed to and fro. Yet I had not forgotten that I was almost sped, which would have been a lesson to me not to trust to a weapon of which I had no skill, even though it were an ell longer in the haft than my sword.

"A Kennedy! A Kennedy!" cried we. "We are driving them. They give back!"

For we felt the downward push upon the hill slope, and that gave us courage.

And the crying of "Bargany!" was almost silenced, for now the wearers of the butcher's colors had enough to do to keep steeks with us with their faces set to the brae, and so needed all their breath.

By this time I had my sword out, and certes, but the fray was brisk. Now, when it is hand to hand I fear no man. Once I had a chance of paying my score in the matter of Drummurchie, for as I passed over him he cut upwards at me with a knife. But I spared only long enough from the man I was engaging at the time (who was no swordsman, or I could not have done it) to slash the Wolf across the wrist, which, I am given to believe, has troubled his sword hand all his life. And for this he has borne me a grudge unto this day. So passionate and revengeful are some men.

We had driven the Bargany faction into the Canongate in spite of the swordsmanship of their chief, who fought ever in the forefront. It was, indeed, all over with them, when suddenly from behind us there came a rabble of men rushing with weapons in their hands, all crying "Bargany!" Able-bodied scoundrels with long hair and pallid faces they were, and they laid about them with vigor. Now there was no wonder that this was a terrible surprise to us. And hearing their cry, the broken Bargany folk down the street took heart of grace to have at us again. We were not discouraged, but part of us faced about, so as to fight with our backs set one to the other. Nevertheless, I saw at once that we were overpowered.

"Into the lanes!" I cried, though, indeed, I had no right to give an order. But, in necessity, it is he who sees that should lead.

So into one of the narrow lanes which led down to the ford and the stepping-stones across the Nor Loch we ran, but not in the way of a rout. Rather we retreated orderly and slow, withdrawing, grieved at heart to think that we had to leave so many of our sick and wounded behind us. Yet, because of the love they bore us as peaceable men, we knew that the townsmen would succor them—also lest we should be revenged on them when we came back if they did not.

At the edge of the Nor Loch six or seven of us made a sally, and having wounded and captured one of the long-haired desperadoes whose assault had turned the tables against us, we brought him with us, thinking that my Lord might wish to question him with the pilnicwinks.

Now not many of the Bargany faction pursued; some because they knew not whither we had gone, others because both their chief and the Wolf of Drummurchie were hurt, and others again because the rabble which had fallen on our rear, not knowing one party from another, had turned their weapons upon their friends.

Nevertheless, it was a patent fact that we had been baffled and put to shame in the open High Street of Edinburgh. It has not happened to many to be victorious and pursuing, and again broken and defeated, all within the space of half an hour.

When we were safe from pursuit on the other side of the Nor Loch, we questioned the varlet whom I and others had captured as to what was his quarrel against us.

"Nothing," he said. "I and the others were in the Tolbooth, when suddenly the gates were opened, and there stood one at the door, clad in gray, who gave a sword or a pike to each man, as well as a piece of gold, telling us that there were other ten of the same awaiting each good striker who should fall on and fight those whom he would show us."

"What like was this man?" said Sir Thomas, my master.

"An ordinary man enough," said the fellow; "gray of head and clad in gray, with armor that rattled beneath his clothes."

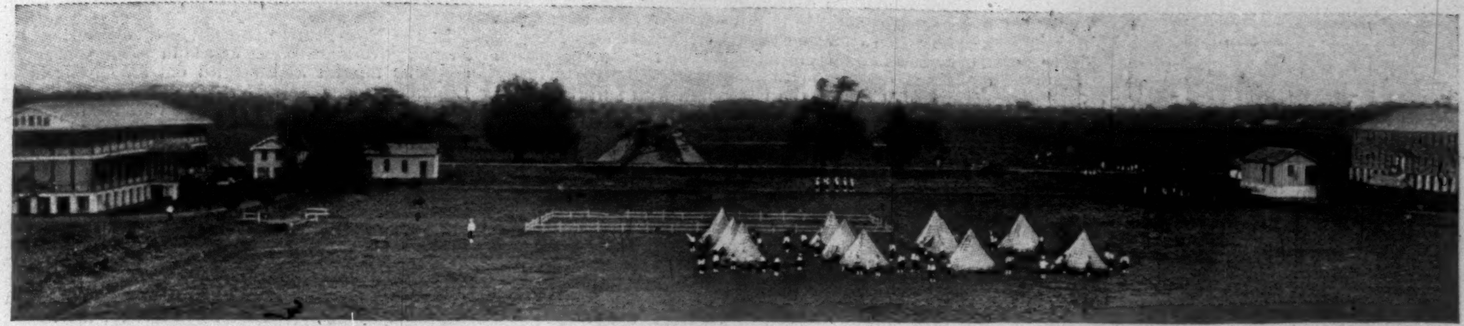
Then we looked at one another, and remembered the dying words of Black Peter—"It was—it was—the Gray Man—"

Once more a man in gray had crossed the luck of Cassillis. By what golden key he had bribed the warders and opened his Majesty's Tolbooth we knew not. But assuredly he had clean beaten us from the field.

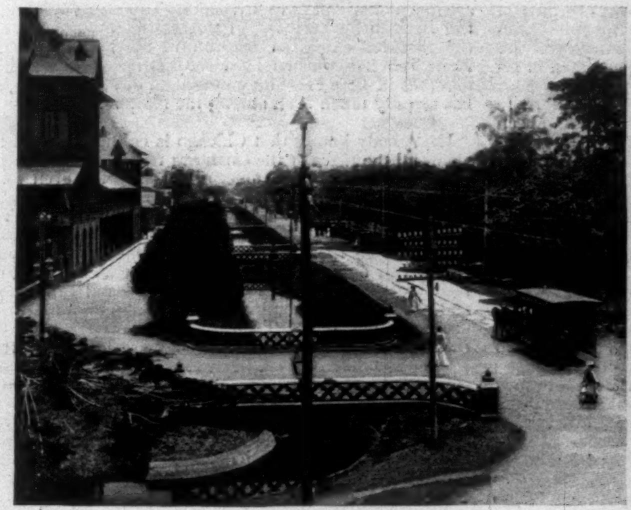
Nevertheless, I was much cheered to hear on the next day that the name of Launcelot Kennedy, called "of Kirrieoch," or Launcelot of the Spurs, was among those that were "put to the horn," or declared rebel and outlaw, at the Cross of Edinburgh.

For I knew that Nell Kennedy would never flout me more. Even Marjorie would, perhaps, not disdain speech with me now, and might let me walk by her side in the garden.

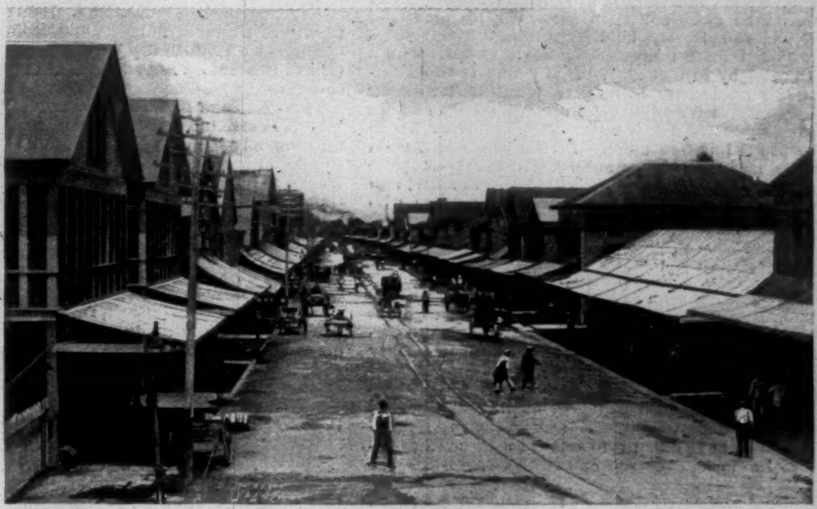
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



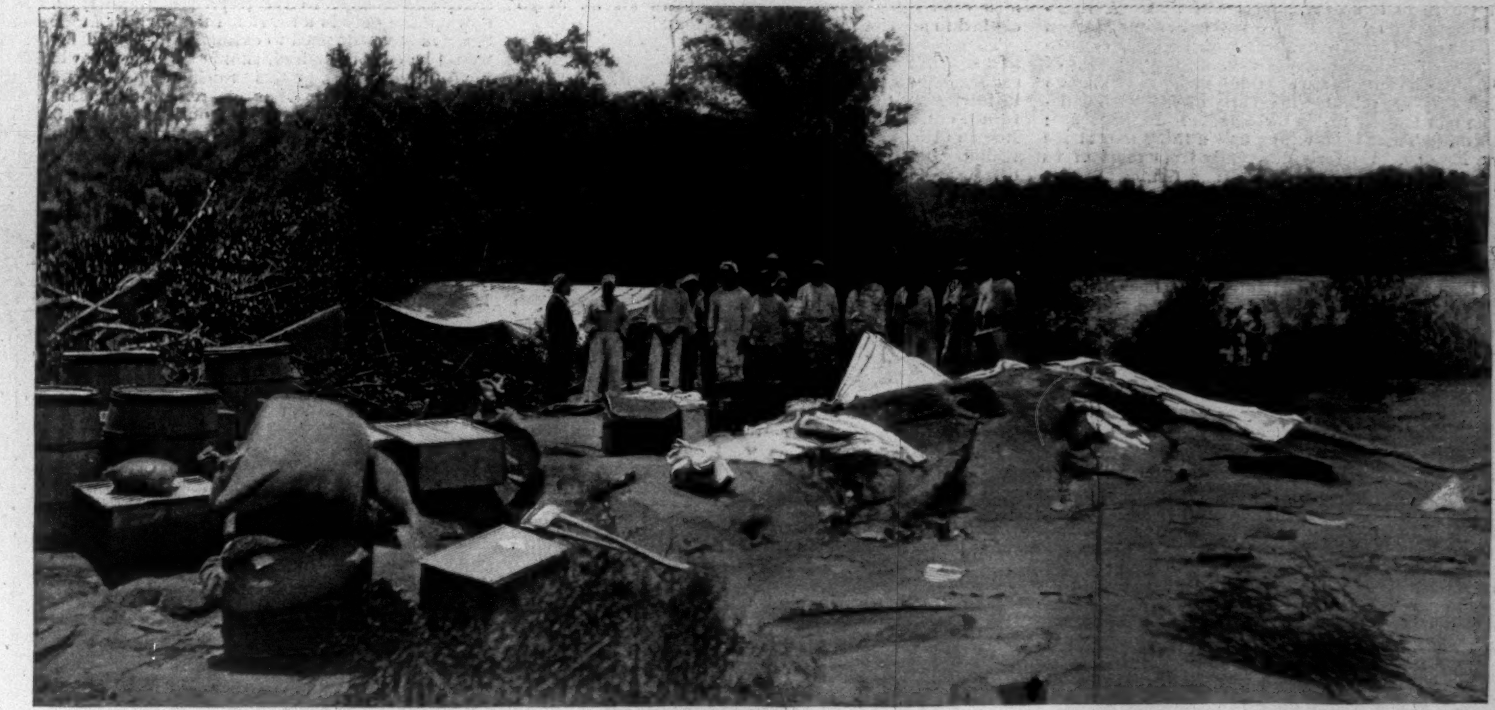
THE BARRACKS, GEORGETOWN, SHOWING ENCAMPMENT OF QUEEN'S WEST INDIA REGIMENT.



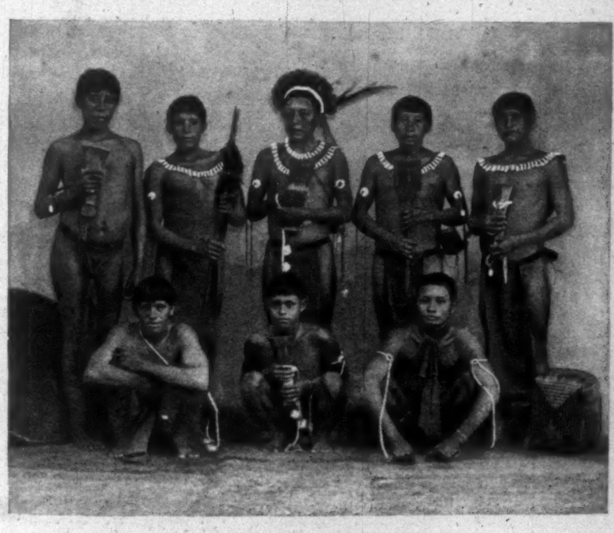
MAIN STREET, GEORGETOWN.



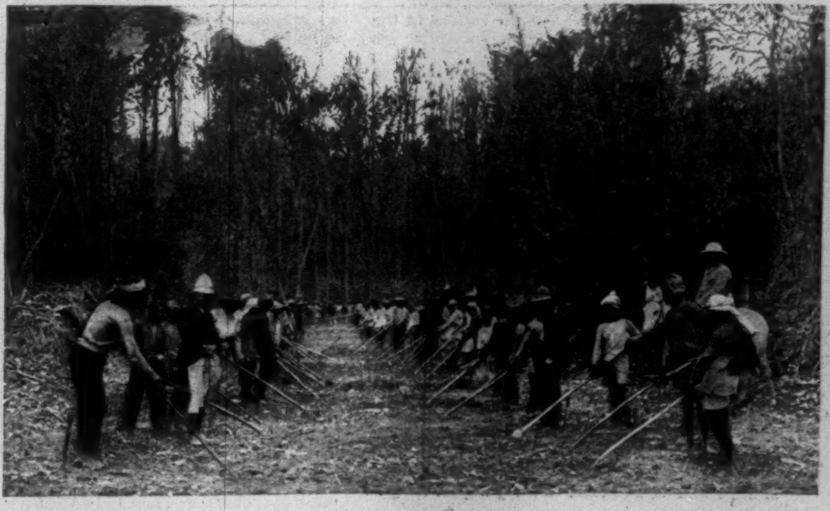
WATER STREET, GEORGETOWN, LOOKING NORTH.



GOLD-SEEKERS' CAMP, CABURI FALLS.



ABORIGINES OF BRITISH GUIANA.



BEGINNING THE EXCAVATION FOR A CANAL AT HAMPTON COURT.

ENGLAND'S POSSESSIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA—SCENES IN BRITISH GUIANA.—[See Page 67.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

It is worth remembering that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, who, as pointed out in last week's Weekly, served as arbitrator in the Bering Sea matter, and then as Senator refused to pay the claim which resulted from the arbitration, is the same statesman who made a speech one hundred and fifteen minutes long at the late New England dinner in New York. What he said is forgotten, but the immense protraction of his remarks is remembered, as it should be, with horror and bitterness of spirit. No doubt Mr. Morgan, though a Senator, is a man whose opinions are deemed to be worth hearing; otherwise he would not have been asked to speak at the New England dinner at all. It would be pleasanter, as it would be more polite, to pass over his oratorical indiscretion, and merely be thankful that the victims of it were not more numerous. But it is too awful a thing to pass by in that way. If any man is to be suffered to talk an hour and fifty-five minutes after dinner with impunity then our liberties are not secure, and we should begin putting props under them, no matter whose toes the props impinge upon. Five minutes is a good length for an after-dinner speech. A fairly complete intellectual flip-flap can be turned in five minutes, and that is enough. Still there are a good many men who can talk ten or even fifteen minutes without getting very tiresome, and courtesy and church discipline should enable a listener to sit as long as that under a speaker without overt complaint whether he is entertained or not. But twenty minutes is an extreme limit to an after-dinner speech. In forty-nine cases out of fifty, before a man has talked that long he has begun to be a nuisance. An orator who is not sure that he can get through in twenty minutes at the outside ought never to attempt an after-dinner speech. He is not fit for the job. He may be too good; he may not be good enough; but he is not fit, and he ought not to undertake it. To talk an hour to a lot of gentlemen who have dined is to commit a breach of confidence, and to make one's self an awful, awful bore. To talk an hour and fifty-five minutes—why it is incredible that a civilized being should do it! Whatever happened to Senator Morgan at that dinner? Poor, dreadful man, with what corroding remorse he must look back upon himself and his distressing exploit.

And yet there is no certainty about that. A right-minded man would feel remorse; but is Senator Morgan right minded? Could we expect a man who is capable of taking the position he has taken about the payment of that Bering Sea claim to see anything amiss in talking an hour and fifty-five minutes to a party of helpless gentlemen who had trusted to his forbearance? Perhaps not; perhaps not! There is no telling how a thing may strike Senator Morgan. He feels differently from most of us about the honor of the government, and doubtless about other things as well.

Mr. William Archer, the English dramatic author, has written to the London *Chronicle* deprecating the tendency of British journals to "embarrass the party of conciliation on the other side of the Atlantic by untimely and unseemly taunts and gibes." The Americans, he says, are a nation of newspaper-readers, and are "all ears for what we say of them."

> "Is it not deeply to be regretted, then, that English journalists should garnish their comments on the situation with such contemptuous terms as 'bluff' and 'bugaboo,' and that English caricaturists should send forth uninventive and mirthless designs representing 'Uncle Jonathan on the war-path,' with such legends as 'Guess this 'll skeer the Britisher'?"

Mr. Archer's letter is dated December 21st, when Mr. Cleveland's message was still news. The message seems to have had the same depressing effect upon his spirits that it unquestionably had upon the spirits of thousands of Americans. The suggestion of war between Great Britain and the United States made him profoundly sad, just as it made very many of us sad. It grated on his feelings to have so serious a subject trifled with, and we can well understand how he felt. Probably before the German war scare put the whole American difficulty temporarily out of the minds of Englishmen he had come to take his home newspapers easier. His feelings about them were perfectly comprehensible, but still he may have taken them a little too hard. The Americans are, as he says, a nation of newspaper-readers, and, out of their ample experience, most of them have learned to take all newspapers and their ebullitions with a due amount of salt. Moreover, as a nation, they have no betters in the capacity to take a joke. If the English comic papers are really funny at our expense, they will be far less apt to make us angry than to make us laugh. There are some very ludicrous pictures in some of the recent American funny papers of the British lion having his tail twisted and manifesting his dismay. Such pictures do not stir the average American's belligerence, but merely his hilarity. The fun in them does him good and makes him feel pleasanter. It is to be hoped that they may have the same effect upon Mr. Archer, if he sees them, for whatever makes good humor prevalent reduces friction and helps the tangle to straighten itself out.

Mr. Archer speaks in his letter of the existence of "a dangerous illusion in the American mind as to the nature of our feeling toward the United States." Other English writers have been making analogous suggestions about the need that the English and the Americans should become better acquainted and have a fuller appreciation of one another's sentiments. Sir Walter Besant says:

> "We don't know American people in this country, and we ought to know them; they come over here by the thousand, by the hundred thousand, and we do nothing to entertain them and make their acquaintance, or to show them that we should like to know them.... If by any machinery we could do something to make the American visitor feel at home with us, we should be doing a great thing for ourselves."

Dr. Conan Doyle in the London *Times* sets forth the American side of the Venezuelan dispute, berates the arrogance of the English Yankee-haters, and proposes that an Anglo-American society be started in London to promote good feeling and provide timely information about the American view of things. This latter duty some of the British newspapers have shown for months past a quickened disposition to undertake, and have actually performed it during the last month with surprising zeal and success.

It is no new thing for friendships to be cemented by hard knocks. Heaven forbid that it should take actual blows to develop mutual respect and esteem between British subjects and Yankeeland, but it will be a happy result of the recent flurry if through it, as seems not unlikely, the British and the Americans come to know each other more nearly as they really are to-day, and not as plays, school-books, books of travel, and traditions that ought to be obsolete have represented them.

A catalogue of the Berliner Fecht Klub has come to the Weekly in which the name of Herr Charles de Kay, "Mitglied des Executive Committee of the Fencers Club, New York; Ehrenmitglied des Cercle de la Rue de Bourgoyne, Paris," appears as Vorsitzender. The club was formed on the 7th of December, ultimo, and has eleven members, including two English diplomatists, two American dittoes, Consul-General de Kay, and six German gentlemen of assorted rank.

The exchange of information and opinion in Herr de Kay's Fecht Klub since it began business must have been uncommonly brisk and edifying; and it is not to be wondered at if conversation has flourished at the cost of sport. Here's a-hoping that these eleven gentlemen may continue to fence together with the buttons still on all their foils for many months to come.

It must grieve the spirit of the judicious stranger who comes to New York, to see some of the handsome new buildings on the narrow down-town east-side streets that run, just above Wall Street, from the river to Broadway. There are beautiful buildings by the dozen there, running up from eight to twelve stories, and even higher, and fronting on streets so narrow (Pine Street, for example) that no one will ever get a good view of them until New York has had a great fire or has been bombarded by the British. It is a true case of jewels in a pig's snout.

London advices have resounded so of late with notes of war that a suggestion of peaceful occupations comes as a refreshing novelty. A letter, dated before Christmas, to be sure, which tells of the employments of an American painter and his family, says: "For [Alma] Tadema's birthday there is to be a surprise. They are getting up a Roman dinner party, couches, etc., and we are all to go clothed in accurate dresses of the period."

To put on a pair of péplums and a toga and lie down to a square meal must be a diversion that is not without excitements to persons who are not used to it. It would be interesting to know how Mr. Tadema's birthday party turned out, and whether cigarettes, which are not really a Roman dish at all, were not the most popular course. A reclining posture is not unfavorable to the consumption of tobacco, but when it comes to taking solid food, the perpendicular situation seems to us moderns by far the handier. However, the Romans didn't use knives or forks, and when food is prepared so as to be easily eaten from the fingers, no doubt it becomes easier to take it horizontally.

Colonel Thomas Wallace Knox, who died January 6th in New York, was best known as a successful writer of books for boys. He qualified himself for that industry by an unusually varied experience of adventure. In 1860, being twenty-five years old, he went to Colorado to try for gold. Soon after, the war broke out and he enlisted, served two campaigns, and then became a war correspondent. Next, after the war, he was a planter in Louisiana, then (in 1866) he went on the expedition to build a telegraph line through Siberia to connect Europe and North America—a scheme which was left hanging in the air by the timely success of the Atlantic cable. This expedition was the basis of *Overland Through Asia*, one of the first of the twoscore volumes which stand to Colonel Knox's credit.

It came to pass in some quarters at the time of the Hawaiian rumpus that "missionary's son" and "Jingo" came to be exchangeable terms, yet it does not seem to have occurred to any one to suggest that because Justice Brewer is a missionary's son he is the less fit on that account to investigate the Venezuelan boundary. Justice Brewer is an extraordinary worker, so hard a worker, indeed, as to give his friends anxiety. The *Independent*, whose editor, Dr. Field, is his uncle, says that he gets up at four o'clock in the morning, takes a cup of coffee, goes to work, and does all his hardest work before breakfast. As he often ends his day late at night, the presumption is that he is able to get on with a short allowance of sleep, pieced out, perhaps, with such repose as due regard for the concerns of justice permits the Supreme Court judges to enjoy while on the bench.

Missionaries and their sons and persons nearly concerned in American missionary enterprises, whether they live at home or abroad, are apt to know more and to have more definite opinions about the foreign policy of our government than folks who follow ordinary pursuits at home. It makes a difference to a missionary whether the American flag is a comfortable shelter or not, and when his sons come home, and are educated and inherit the earth, they do not forget that there are countries beyond the seas where folks who go to spread the gospel of peace sometimes need a war-ship or two to make them comfortable.

The Cooper Union Labor Bureau, started by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, asserts itself to be not a charity but a business enterprise. It proposes to let the idle, vicious, and physically incapable severely alone, and recommends to employers only such applicants as have references which have been investigated and proved to be satisfactory. At present it concerns itself only with men. Its office at the Cooper Union is open daily, and while it gives no charity there, and does not undertake to provide employment, its work of bringing employers and applicants together is done without fees from either.

E. S. Martin.

CHICAGO.

In the New-Year's distribution of decorations by the French government three artists in whom Chicago takes a special interest were singled out for enrolment in the Legion of Honor. Mr. Gari Melchers, Mr. Frederic Macmonnies, and Mr. Walter MacEwen are the three in question, and all were conspicuously associated with the artistic side of the Columbian Exposition. Mr. Melchers painted some of the panels in the Manufactures Building; Mr. Macmonnies designed the beautiful fountain that all visitors to the World's Fair will remember, while Mr. MacEwen assisted in the decoration of one of the buildings. All three contributed in other ways to the artistic success of the exposition. The news of Mr. MacEwen's success, in particular, interests us, because this artist is a Chicagoan by birth and early training. His best work has been based upon Dutch subjects for the most part, although he has hardly painted a more impressive canvas than "The Witches," with its vivid portraiture and carefully worked out scheme of color. At the same time another honor comes to Mr. MacEwen in the purchase, by the Belgian government, of "A Dutch Family," one of the pictures exhibited by him in the last Salon. Mr. MacEwen has worked hard for his success, and richly deserves it. He is still a young man of about thirty, and has already taken rank among the masters.

Everybody knows that Chicago is cosmopolis, and that about all the races of the earth are represented among its inhabitants. But it is sometimes a surprise, even to the best-informed among us, to learn the numbers by which some of the more obscure people are represented. Take the Lithuanians, for example. Who would have expected to find more than a handful of them, even in a city like this? But our city statistician, Mr. Eugène Seeger, now tells us that we already have ten thousand Lithuanians, and that they are coming at the rate of more than two thousand annually. They have a newspaper of their own and a parish house, and they are building a forty-thousand-dollar church. Mr. Seeger tells an interesting story of the efforts made by one of the political committees to capture the Lithuanian vote. Unfortunately, it was rashly assumed that a Lithuanian was about the same thing as a Russian, and so documents were printed in the Russian language for distribution among the Lithuanians. They could not read the documents, but learning that they were printed in the language of the people whom they most detest, voted for the other party to a man. The Lithuanian language is of the greatest interest to philologists, as it comes closer than any other tongue now spoken in Europe to the primitive Aryan type. It is now spoken only in a restricted territory about the Baltic Sea, and seems doomed to extinction in its old home. It would be curious, indeed, should the language be saved for future centuries by this growing colony in one of the cities of the Western Hemisphere. But the Lithuanian immigrant is not likely to hold out any longer than the Pole or the German against the assimilating forces of American society, and his descendants in the second or third generation will probably talk as good "United States" as any of us.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

While Harvard is not represented upon the Venezuelan commission, three Yale graduates are members of it. The President must have been aware that the Cambridge men have vanquished their New Haven brothers time and time again both in debate and chess, and that Yale's supremacy is out-of-doors and not in the council-chamber.

Perhaps Mr. Cleveland may have remembered that away back in '73 the two colleges had a dispute about a "diagonal line" at the finish of the Springfield boat-race, and Yale came out ahead in this gentle war.

There is another phase to the question. It seems that excursions through Venezuela are almost as hazardous and fatiguing as are expeditions in Central Africa, and that gentlemen bound upon a "line-drawing party" must be tough of sinew and sound of wind, and able to lead a party of pioneers, tree-fellers, soldiers, and camp-followers in approved Stanley fashion. Three commissioners with white "sweaters" marked with a blue "Y" at the head of such a band will set even Lord Salisbury a-thinking.

A member of the Massachusetts Legislature has introduced a "bill to prohibit rough sports." The bill provides that whoever engages in a public boxing match or sparring exhibition with or without gloves, or in a public wrestling contest, and whoever uses violence to overcome skill in any other game or sport, shall be punished by fine or imprisonment.

If this becomes a law what will become of the football "tackles" or the billiard-players who "shut their eyes and hit hard"?

In old days a hungry man could get more things to eat at a New England breakfast table than are to-day served at many a banquet. Hungry men have declined in numbers and influence, and European travel has had a depleting effect upon that fine old institution—breakfast. No one but the "Autocrat" ever talked much at that meal, for the viands were too tempting—great beef-steaks, hot rolls, buckwheat cakes, omelettes, potatoes, coffee, and even, at Mr. Emerson's, pie. Then returned travellers began to bring back tales of the refined Continental breakfast of coffee and a roll. It was even narrated that an Italian gentleman thought that he had eaten a very hearty breakfast when he put cream in his coffee.

So pie was first banished, and the other heavy articles gradually followed it into exile, and breakfast is shorn of its glories. Those who aim at a restoration of the vigor of the Puritans should begin by restoring "pie" to its former high estate, and the "Continental breakfast" should be banished from a hemisphere where the Monroe doctrine and the pie should reign supreme.

The pacific college professors and business men on the Atlantic slope seem to have no objection to the "war being carried into Africa." Gold seems to be the root of the evil in the quarrels in both hemispheres, and this precious metal to be more than ordinarily troublesome in these last years of the century. The white metal is a peace-maker beside its more precious companion, and yet silver has made trouble enough.

W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE officers of the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children are alarmed by the intelligence that a local insurance company is about to extend its business by insuring the lives of young children. So far this form of insurance has not been practised in the city. A year ago an Eastern company sent out an agent, but he met with opposition, and retired from the field. In the East insuring the lives of young children and infants has proved disastrous, the most pauperized parents expending in premiums the money that should go to the purchasing of food and medicine for their sickly offspring. The premiums run from five to twenty cents a week, the latter being the maximum taken. If the child dies thirteen weeks after the policy has been issued and within one year, $30 will be paid. Though there is no great destitution among the poor of San Francisco, and though it is not supposed that many are so brutalized as to let their children die for a matter of $30, still the popular feeling is against this sort of business among the degraded and impoverished, and the humane societies hope to bestir the people, and secure legislation in an effort for its suppression.

The adventures of the steamer *Strathnevis*, which for nine weeks was washed about in the North Pacific at the mercy of winds and waves, read like a romance by Clark Russell. The most singular incident connected with the *Strathnevis'* misfortunes is the disappearance of the rescuing steamer *Miowera*. On December 18th the *Miowera*, bound for Australia *viâ* the Hawaiian Islands, sighted the *Strathnevis*, and took her in tow for Esquimalt. For five days the Australian liner stood by her disabled companion, until, on the night of December 23d, they were overtaken by a screeching southeast gale, thickened by rain. In this squall the cables that held the vessels together parted, and the *Miowera* disappeared. The *Strathnevis* saw her lights go out through the darkness, and to its loudly persistent whistle received no response. Up to date nothing has been heard of the *Miowera*, and the conjectures as to her fate are varied. Some believe that she suddenly went down in the gale of December 23d; others that the broken cables became entangled in her propeller, and put her at the mercy of the elements. To controvert this theory is her failure to sound her whistle in response to the *Strathnevis*. Many think that her captain, believing the *Strathnevis* to have foundered, resolved to quit such a dangerous position, close to the rocky coast of Destruction Island, and turning, steamed away for Hawaii, while others again say that, fearful of the insurance of his ship, and feeling he had no right to further endanger it and its passengers, he cut the hawsers, and under cover of the darkness stole away. Whatever the truth may be, the situation is uniquely dramatic, and the picture of the deserted *Strathnevis*, disabled and alone in the fury of the tempest, drifting closer with every wave to the fatal coast of Destruction Island, its whistles bellowing out their cry for help through the booming of many waters and the blackness of the night, is one of the most terrible in the range of sea-stories.

G. B.

BRITISH GUIANA.

DURING the excitement caused by President Cleveland's Venezuela message, that part of South America which has been the prime cause of all the difficulty seems to have been almost wholly lost sight of. While the daily papers have published column after column of correspondence from Caracas, and we have been furnished a host of illustrations depicting various scenes in Venezuela, British Guiana has scarcely been heard from, and we believe that some have even doubted its existence as other than a strip of malarious jungle which, by the merest accident, having fallen into the possession of the English, has given them a pretence for claiming the valuable auriferous territory of Venezuela.

After the English had taken formal possession of the Dutch colonies by the Treaty of Vienna the name of the capital of Demerara was changed from Stabroek to Georgetown, and a fresh impetus was given to the lethargic colony. But with the abolition of the slave-trade, and the final emancipation of slaves in 1838 throughout the English possessions, the estate owners were ruined, and many plantations abandoned. As the freed negroes refused to work, the colonies were only saved by the introduction of Portuguese from Madeira, Maltese, Chinese, and East Indians. Until recently the production of sugar has been the chief industry of the English colonies on the Guiana coast.

After the discovery of gold at Caratal, in Venezuela, search was made for the precious metal in the English possessions without any practical results, until 1880, when it was rumored that some Frenchmen from Cayenne were carrying on placer-washing in the Puruni River, a branch of the Masaruni. Two or three years later other parties went to work in this vicinity, and the Puruni soon became known as a rich gold-field. The gold-washing went on at first without government interference, but in 1884 the government imposed a royalty upon the gold ob-

(*Continued on page 69.*)

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

A VERY DESIRABLE CALENDAR.

CALENDARS of all kinds and sizes herald the coming year. Many are to be had for the asking, many without asking, but to them as to other things the rule might be applied that what costs nothing is worth about what it costs. The calendar we always welcome has just reached us. We refer to the one published by N. W. AYER & SON, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia. This issue seems if possible even better than its predecessors. Handsome enough for the library, and yet carefully adapted for every-day use, it is naturally a great favorite. The firm's well-known motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," appears this year in a new and very attractive form. The daily presence of this inspiring motto is worth far more than the price of any calendar. The date figures are so large and clear that they can easily be seen across the room. The reading-matter on the flaps will also possess interest to the progressive. Those who have used this calendar in other years will not be surprised to learn that the demand for it is constantly increasing. Once introduced it becomes a welcome friend. Its price (25 cents) includes delivery, in perfect condition, postage paid, to any address.—[*Adv.*]

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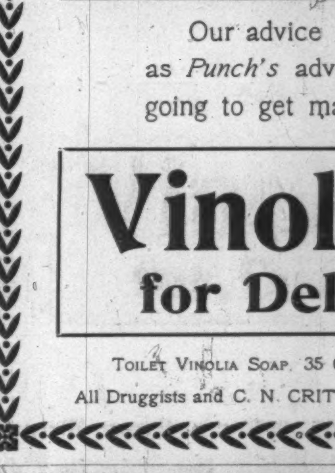

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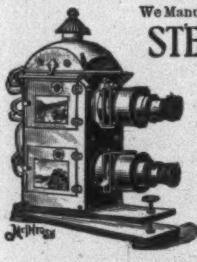

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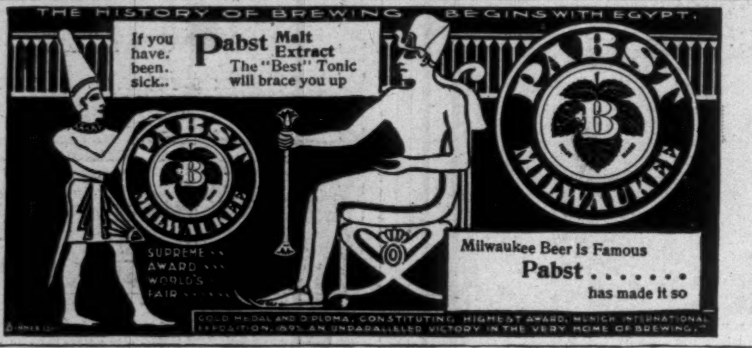

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(*Continued from page 67.*)

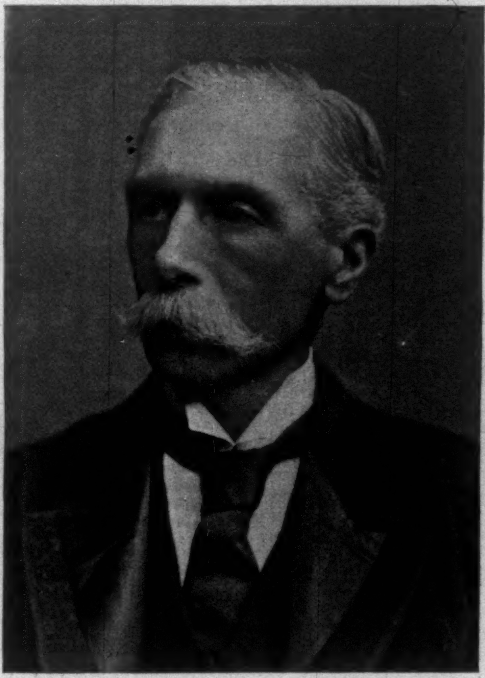
tained, and made laws regulating this new industry, which has given another impulse to the colony.

Georgetown now has a population of 53,000, about two-thirds that of Caracas. It is situated upon the right, or eastern, bank of the Demerara River, at its mouth, and is protected from the sea by a massive sea-wall of over a mile in length. Water Street is the business portion of the city, where are located the principal stores, shops, and warehouses.

The principal streets run north and south, and are very broad, those in the best district having long canals running down the centre, planted with the wonderful Victoria Regia water-lily. These streets, with their roads each side of the canal planted with ornamental trees, together with fine shrubberies and detached houses, are very handsome, Main Street being considered the best.

The gold-diggings are now occupying the attention of the colonists, and expeditions are almost continually being fitted out to explore the vast untrodden area of forest and swamp in search of the precious metal. The gold is being found at present up the different rivers at a distance of from one hundred to three hundred miles from Georgetown. Boats sufficiently large to carry some twelve or fourteen men and three months' provisions are employed in these expeditions. The alluvial workings are staked off in claims of 1500 by 500 feet, which are all heavily timbered. As yet only one company has been formed to work any of the Reef claims, the quartz of which is very rich, many surface samples assaying fifty ounces to the ton.

Several diamonds have been found by chance in panning off the gold, and though the native miners had no idea of the value of these, never having seen a diamond in its natural state, there is considerable belief that diamond-mining would pay. THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JUN.



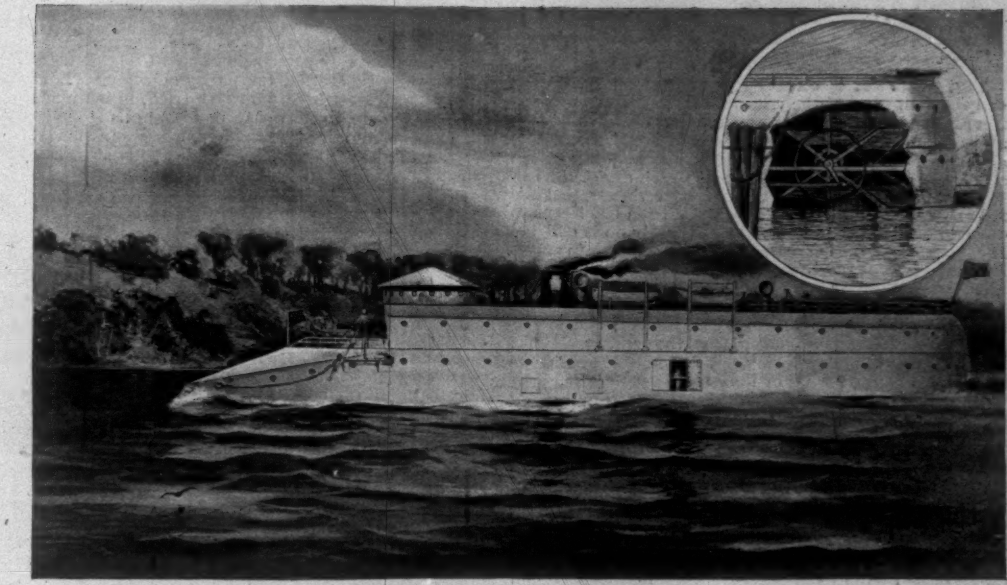
THE NEW POET-LAUREATE.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, the new English poet-laureate, whose portrait is given above, is sixty-one years old, a Tory in politics, and a Roman Catholic in religion. He was bred to the law, but abandoned it early, and for thirty-five years has devoted himself to letters.

A good part of his work during that period has been done for the London *Standard*, which he has served as leader-writer and correspondent, and for the *Quarterly Review*, the *National Review*, and other periodicals. Of the *National Review*, a Tory organ started in 1883, he was the first editor. His first overt literary act, committed when he was eighteen years old, took the form of a poem published anonymously under the title of "Randolph." He has never since that time denied himself, for any extended period, the production of verse, and his poetical works, when collected and republished a few years since, filled six volumes. Besides his poems, which include several long tragedies and poetical dramas, Mr. Austin has published five or six novels, several satires, and many political pamphlets. In "The Season," a satire published in 1861, he expressed his displeasure at the appearance of English ladies in low-cut gowns. In 1869 he published "A Vindication of Lord Byron" from the aspersions of Mrs. Stowe. As long ago as 1876 the London *Spectator* was of the opinion that though he had not produced a great poem, he had written a great deal of beautiful poetry.

Mr. Austin's verses are very little known in this country, and are not well known in England. Great Britain has several living poets who are his betters in poetical ability and reputation, but all of them have seemed to be unavailable; and whatever Mr. Austin's limitations are, it is not denied that he is highly safe and respectable both as a citizen and as a versifier. Certainly he is equal to all the practical requirements of the laureate's office—an office which is not intrinsically a great one, though of high reputation, because some of the greatest of English poets have held it.

Mr. Austin declined, the other day, to sign the address of the British authors to the American authors asking them to work for peace; but, under all the circumstances, it was very natural that he should decline. A laureate newly appointed by a Premier who is threatened with war cannot afford to show excessive solicitude for peace. His inner sentiments are probably quite as peaceable as those of his brethren.



THE NEW PRACTICE-VESSEL FOR THE SECOND BATTALION, PENNSYLVANIA NAVAL MILITIA, AT PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG'S NAVAL RESERVE GUNBOAT.

PITTSBURG, on account of its important geographical position and its great industries, has taken the initial step in the matter of an interior waterway defence. While Pennsylvania was one of the first States to have a State coast-guard, it has also led the way in authorizing the establishment of a State Naval Battalion for the protection of its navigable rivers.

The Second Battalion, State Naval Militia, which is located in that city, is the first organization of its kind to own its own practice-vessel. As the vessel had necessarily to be adapted for service in shallow river waters, it involved a departure from the recognized forms of naval architecture. George W. Nock, a graduate of Annapolis, and a naval engineer, is the author of the designs.

The plans of the boat provide a bottom that is almost flat. The length of the boat on the load water-line is 160 feet; extreme breadth, 30 feet; draught forward, about 2 feet 9 inches; aft, 3 feet 6 inches.

The covering is to be of light plates of steel, so constructed that heavy plates can be built over them when occasion requires. The hull will be divided transversely into five water-tight compartments.

The machinery will include compound condensing engines, inclined. The large boiler will be of the marine type, and the supplementary boiler will be of the upright tubular pattern. The boilers and engines will rest on framings below the water-line. The disposition of the coal, which will be banked up about the boilers, will give them additional protection. The wheel, which is to be aft, will be recessed and boxed in with heavy plating, so that there will not be a single exposed part.

The main battery will consist of a 6-inch breech-loading gun, situated about 30 feet from the bow, and arranged to fire over a low barbette of plating, the gunners being protected. The secondary battery will consist of one rapid-fire gun, mounted on the spar-deck, and two Forbes rapid-fire guns forward on the main-deck.

On the boiler-deck amidships there will be a space for drill 54 by 30 feet. Forward of the magazine will be the stokers' and ship-keepers' rooms. On the main-deck forward of the berth-deck, which will be 30 by 62 feet, are the galley and store-rooms. The cabins and ward-rooms are situated aft, and will be finished in quartered oak.

The wheel-house will extend slightly above the hurricane-deck. A large skylight will afford light and ventilation for the berth-deck. A powerful search-light will be mounted on top of the pilot-house. Provision is made for a complement of 300 men.

AMERICAN RESIDENTS OF CARACAS.

IN the last number of the WEEKLY was given a picture of the Washington statue at Caracas as decorated by enthusiastic Venezuelans after hearing of President Cleveland's purpose to help them settle their boundary dispute. By way of reciprocating the compliment paid to the United States, the American residents of Caracas got together and decorated the statue of Bolivar. It was on the day of this ceremony that the photograph of some of the more prominent members of the American colony was taken which is reproduced below. Mr. Thomas, the American minister, and Mr. Russell, secretary of the legation, appear in the centre of the group.

J. P. Elmer. W. W. Russell, Sec'y of Legation. Allen Thomas, U. S. Minister. W. S. Bird, Consular Agent.

DECORATION OF THE STATUE OF BOLIVAR AT CARACAS, VENEZUELA, DECEMBER 18, 1895, BY AMERICAN RESIDENTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SALAS, CARACAS.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE TENDENCY TOWARD PROFESSIONALISM in athletics and the distortion of the true interpretation of amateurism are not by any means restricted to colleges and to athletic clubs. I find a great many of the larger schools are pretty well inoculated too. Not the majority of the schools, of course, any more than the majority of the colleges, but it is a matter for wonder, nevertheless, that the infection should be so widespread. What a boy learns to do and does in school, he will pretty surely do in college. If at school he has been taught dishonest methods in sport, he will look upon those methods as the permissible ones to pursue in after-life, and he will hold to them as he grows older. The boy is father to the man just as much in sport as in any other branch of endeavor; and if you want a clean river you must have a pure spring. What is implanted in the boy is very apt to be nourished in the man, and a blunted sense of honesty in youth is repaired with more difficulty than corruption that may unhappily come in later years.

IT IS THE DUTY OF THE PARENTS and the guardians, and the instructors of our American boys, therefore, to give earnest attention nowadays to this question of honesty in sport, for if they do not they will in a very few years have to face a situation which in their present-day indifference seems impossible of realization. The development of athletics, of competitive athletics especially, has been so rapid within the past five years that few parents have kept up with it, and fewer have realized what an important factor sport has become in the lives of their sons. Indifference or ignorance of existing conditions is culpable, and amounts to tacit encouragement. In athletics, as in all else, boys will imitate their elders. If the latter devote their efforts to mere winning in sport, and not to sport for its own sake, boys very quickly fall into the same ways, and, being boys, carry their efforts to win far beyond the limits older sinners would often dare overstep. If, on the other hand, the proper influences are brought to bear upon these youngsters, they will leave the school-house for the college and the club with a clean conception of what is right, and a firm intention to carry out the teachings of their boyhood. They will come into the ranks of the active and controlling body, and if their education has been one of honesty and of true sportsmanship, their influence among their fellows must be for widespread good.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF COMPETITIVE ATHLETICS in the schools, as I have said, has progressed rapidly. Boys delight in competition, and sport has furnished them with an unbounded field for exertion. The principals of a great many schools have not been slow to recognize this. Unfortunately the less scrupulous among them soon discovered in it a great opportunity to attract pupils to their institutions. They played upon the desire of prospective athletes to attend that school where the best facilities and the greatest inducements were offered for athletic participation. The next step of the unscrupulous head-masters was to make capital out of the prowess of their pupils, to organize teams, and to enter contestants in games with the object of securing as many prizes and as many banners as possible, for the purpose of advertising their school. Record of these achievements was paraded in the newspapers, and the boy successful on the field of athletics soon found there was plenty of indulgence for him at the blackboard. And from encouraging and promoting participation in athletics, the principals soon took to recruiting. But thereupon the number of the unscrupulous head-masters increased so rapidly that they found the baneful competition necessitated an increase of "inducements." There were more schools with open arms for athletes than there were athletes for the open arms. New conditions suggested new methods.

INDUCEMENTS WERE OFFERED TO PUPILS of muscle; inducements such as scholarships became common; inducements of a more substantial and professional nature have been whispered of, but there is no proof of them to be obtained as yet. Finally, the offering of inducements reached such a crisis in this city last autumn that charges were brought by the rector of Trinity School against the head-master of the Barnard School before the Arbitration Committee of the New York Interscholastic Association. Doctor Ulmann of Trinity accused the head-master of the Barnard School with calling and personally asking O'Rourke, a football player, to become a member of the Barnard School, at the same time offering him a free scholarship. When the case came up for trial, the head-master of Barnard, supported by a lawyer, asserted that he did not know O'Rourke was a member of Trinity School. The charges were therefore dismissed, and the boy, who had left Trinity to go to Barnard, was returned to Trinity. Now the one point of this incident which puzzles me most is, what was that O'Rourke boy's father doing all this time? Did he not know his son was attending Trinity School, and did he not ask any questions when the lad suddenly began taking a course in football at another institution? A very queer father indeed!

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF THE EVIL INFLUENCE principals of schools may exert over their boys in this wild desire for success in athletics (mind you, the idea of sport for sport's sake is entirely lost here) is the case of W. J. Ehrich, of the Harvard School. Ehrich had entered college and returned to Harvard School, possibly not to play baseball, but he did play baseball nevertheless, and was protested. The leading accuser was De La Salle Institute. This school brought charges, and when these were heard the Harvard School was declared guilty of fraud, the penalty for which is expulsion from the New York Interscholastic Athletic Association. Doctor Freeland, the principal of the Harvard School, was well aware that, according to the rules, Ehrich had no right to play on any school team, yet he encouraged and permitted the boy to play. It was his plain duty, on the other hand, to his pupils and to their parents and to himself, to prohibit Ehrich from joining in interscholastic sport. He should have instructed the boy in the honesty of sport, instead of encouraging him to break the rules. The result was disgrace to the school, of course. The advertisement Doctor Freeland got was not of the kind he wished, nor the kind to bring his school to the favorable notice of fathers who are not indifferent to their sons' morals. Such corruption would hardly be believed if it could not be illustrated by specific examples. But there are even worse features of this interference by principals in sport, where their influence should be exerted for purity and honesty. I have heard of a case where a master tried, in a roundabout way, to be sure, to keep one of his pupils from getting into college, in order that the boy, who was a star athlete, might spend another twelvemonth at his school, taking part in sports, and incidentally advertising his institution. Fancy the corruption of such a creature! It is high time parents paid some heed to the sort of sporting ethics their sons are imbibing.

THE PLAYING OF TEACHERS on school teams is another feature of this advertisement-seeking system. Sport for sport's sake is altogether disregarded in these institutions, the only object in encouraging athletics being to win against other schools, by whatever means suggest themselves to unscrupulous head-masters. To pit professors—grown men—against boyish opponents is not only unfair to the boys, but it is paving the way direct toward professionalism. And further, if professors are allowed to play at all, how are you going to limit the number of pedagogic athletes? It will soon happen, if it has not come to that already, that professors will be hired to teach Latin because they can play football. The 1895 baseball nine of the St. John's Military Academy of Delafield, Wisconsin, for instance, was composed of four cadets, three professors, and two men whose names I cannot find on any other page of the school catalogue except that which holds the roster of the nine.

THE BREACH BETWEEN THOSE OLD-TIME RIVALS, Exeter and Andover, which no longer meet in sport, was precipitated by the employment of a professional on an Exeter team a few years ago. I have, too, a letter from a gentleman in Connecticut, who tells me that he is now striving to purify the high-school athletics in his town, and confessing he knows professionalism used to thrive where he lives, because he himself, several years ago, "put the dollars where they would make the most touch-downs." How can you expect boys brought up on such methods to be honest sportsmen when they reach college? It is only natural they should put into practice the sly tricks they learned at school, the tricks their professors taught them or allowed them to learn. If parents find that the men whom they pay to instruct their sons are dishonest or loose in questions of sport, it is reasonable to assume such men may not be wholly upright in other matters. Then, it seems, there ought to be immediate and thorough house-cleaning.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB's Court of Inquiry into the Dunraven charges of fraud has not yet made the result of its investigations public, but the *America's* Cup Committee has given publicity to its part of the work, and by the light of its report Dunraven seems to be more vicious than deranged. It will be remembered Dunraven and his friends made much of his request for a marking of the load water-line of *Defender*.

The first race was to be sailed on September 7th. The day set for the measurement of *Valkyrie* and *Defender* was September 6th.

Dunraven's letter to the Cup Committee requesting this especial marking of the load water-line was received by the committee on September 6th. In Dunraven's pamphlet he refers to his request and its treatment by the committee as follows:

> "To that letter I received no written reply, but was given verbally to understand that the committee saw no object in reconsidering the points involved. I did not further press the matter, as I considered the committee responsible, and that, unless necessity compelled, I had no right to insist on my points."

Dunraven's request for this marking was new to American yachting, and the committee could not agree to it without consulting Mr. Iselin. It did consult Mr. Iselin, and he at once agreed to Dunraven's request. The committee's report touching this request follows:

> "The *Valkyrie* had been already measured, and had left the basin, but on account of the tide could not return in order to be marked that day. It was later arranged with Lord Dunraven and Mr. Iselin, the representatives from each side, George L. Watson and Mr. Herreshoff, that the yachts should be marked on the day following the first race—that is, on September 8th.... On September 8th the yachts were marked as requested by Lord Dunraven."

THIS IS A DIRECT CONTRADICTION of Dunraven's statement, and shows that the committee and Mr. Iselin did everything to comply with Dunraven's unique demands and facilitate harmonious sport.

As to the other request which Dunraven claimed he made and upon which his friends have built such a monument of supposititious evidence, *viz.*, that the committee should "put one of its members aboard each yacht immediately after the race," the Cup Committee reports as follows:

> "On September 7th Lord Dunraven communicated to the Cup Committee his belief that the *Defender* had sailed that day's race immersed three or four inches more than when she was measured. Lord Dunraven did not wish to say to the committee what action it should take, but he desired a remeasurement that day. The Cup Committee ordered a remeasurement to be made at the earliest possible moment."

This report of the Cup Committee completely vindicates its course and refutes the insulting charges of the Englishman's pamphlet.

When the report of the New York Yacht Club's Court of Inquiry has been published, Dunraven's charges against *Defender* of fraudulent ballast will be also refuted.

Probably the most surprising episode in the session of the Court of Inquiry was the failure of Dunraven's "three friends"—among them Mr. Kersey—to corroborate his charges, as Dunraven claimed they could, or even to appear on the stand in his favor, as the Earl said they would.

THE SOUTHERN FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1895 was the most successful in its history. A happy result, due largely, first, to a greater general understanding of football science, disseminated by the employment of first-class coaches, and second, to the efficient working of the rules against professionalism as adopted by the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association. Nearly every team in the South reached a higher degree of skill than hitherto, rough playing was reduced to a minimum, and no complaints within the Association heard as to the playing of "hired" men.

The scarcity of capable officials led to several unpleasant disputes on decisions. The playing rules were the Harvard-Penn.-Cornell interpretations, as the majority of the coaches were from one or the other of these institutions. Runs through tackle seemed to be the favored manner of carrying the ball in hand, but especial attention was given to the kicking game. In fact, there was a very general tendency all over the South towards the kicking game, in which Vanderbilt especially excelled by reason of her full-back, Connell. The kicking game has, indeed, always been a marked feature in the South, owing to a want of proper defensive play, though in the latter respect the present year showed more improvement than any previous one.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, which is not in the Association, claims the championship of the South by defeating Vanderbilt with a score of 6–4 in a game in which Virginia has been much criticised for her roughness. Virginia also defeated University of North Carolina (6–0). North Carolina on a Southern tour defeated Vanderbilt (12–0), University of Virginia twice (6–0 and 10–6), and tied the University of the South, Sewanee, (0–0). Vanderbilt came out first in the games within the Association, the A. and M. College of Alabama (Auburn) making a close second. Vanderbilt defeated the A. and M. College (9–6), Connell's drop-kick saving the game for his team. Though defeated by the University of Missouri (14–0), Vanderbilt tied Centre College (0–0), and won from the Central University of Kentucky (10–0), Sewanee (18–6), and Georgia (6–0), though the last withdrew from the field, believing they had been wrongly decided against by the referee.

Auburn defeated University of Alabama (48–0) and University of Georgia (16–6) in a very interesting Thanksgiving-day game on the Exposition Grounds at Atlanta. Georgia won from Alabama (30–6), Sewanee (22–0), Wofford (34–0). Sewanee, notwithstanding her brilliant effort with North Carolina, lost every other game except one with Cumberland University (16–4). Alabama lost every game.

Tulane (New Orleans) defeated Alabama (22–0), and the University of Mississippi (28–4), but lost to the University of Texas (16–0), and to Louisiana State University (8–4).

Louisiana State University also defeated Alabama (12–6), and showed the greatest improvement among the teams of the extreme Southwest.

APROPOS OF A RECENT STATEMENT in this Department on the necessity of organizing what might be called a National Football Rules Committee, I have a letter from the secretary of the Southern Inter-collegiate Association which emphasizes the need of action. He writes that a committee is about to be appointed to draw up a set of playing rules, and goes on to say that they have been driven to this in self-defence. He further says:

> "So much confusion arose during the past season that we now feel the need of a uniform set based on those of 1894, embracing the best features of the Harvard-Penn.-Cornell rules and the Yale-Princeton amendments.
>
> "Of course if these institutions will get together before next season and make a uniform set we will agree to adopt that, but we cannot go through another season with the confusion of authorities we had during the past season."

This is the general feeling West as well as South, and Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Cornell are deliberately abetting this confusion. Is it not about time a reign of common-sense was inaugurated? Why are not delegates from these universities invited to the University Athletic Club? and why are not the governors of the U.A.C. sufficiently interested in the healthful life of football to send out invitations to Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, and Cornell requesting co-operation in the promulgation of official and uniform rules?

I have heard something of Harvard's sending invitations to the New England colleges with the idea of making rules for 1896. If Harvard is really doing this, it is opposed to the best and harmonious interests of football.

THE EFFORT NOW MAKING among some of the officials of the League of American Wheelmen to abandon its control of racing is only further evidence of the weakness of which Class B has been a striking illustration.

The abandonment of the control of racing by the L. A. W. would be tantamount to acknowledging itself unable to cope with the vexing problem of semi-professionalism. Being too weak to banish to the professional class, in which they should be, the "makers' hirelings" in Class B, the L. A. W. would wash its hands of the entire business by relinquishing control of any racing.

Racing is just as legitimate a feature in bicycling as it is in any other branch of sport, and its proper conduct would do much to stimulate the general interest in wheeling, and afford much sport to the sport-loving public.

It is entirely fitting the L. A. W. should abandon the kind of racing it has been fostering for the last half-dozen years. But it would be somewhat of a calamity to the general sport if it determined to withdraw its encouragement from genuine amateur racing. If these L. A. W. officials would abandon Class B and devote their attention to the encouragement and development of the amateurs, or Class A, as it is called, their effort would be more to the point, and would receive universal endorsement.

THE REVIEW OF SPORT for the year 1895 overlooked riding to hounds. The fact is a *résumé* of the hunting season of '95 contains less for encouraging comment than that of almost any other American sport, and of any previous year in hunting itself.

It is undoubtedly true that American fox-hunting is settling irrevocably to a very few sections of the country. If riding to hounds is to have continued life and healthful prosperity there must be a consolidation of interests. On Long Island, Rockaway and Meadow Brook have each maintained separate packs and put forth separate cards, but neither has had a satisfactory year.

Rockaway's existence for several years has been a continuous struggle, and the Meadow Brook fields have diminished. It seems as though both these clubs would suit their own interests best and that of the sport itself by amalgamation.

In New Jersey there have been two or three packs maintained which gave occasional good sport, but there too a consolidation would result to the material benefit of the sport and the pleasure of the individuals.

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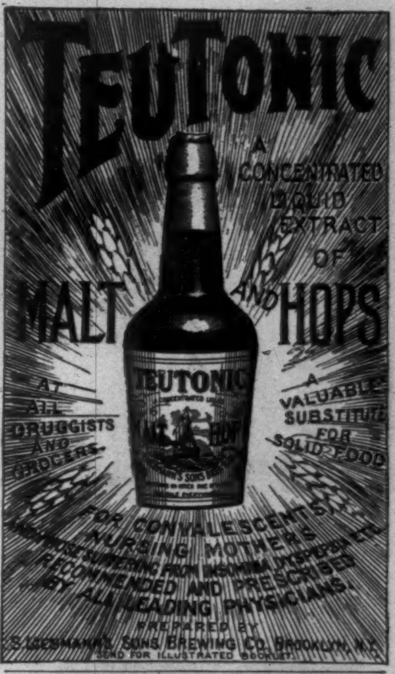
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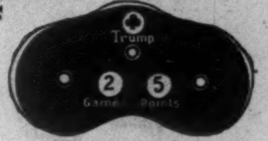
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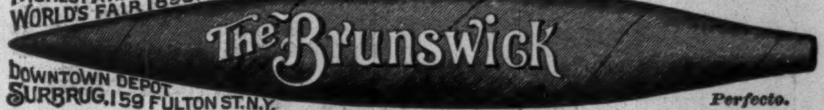
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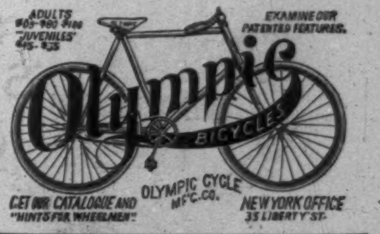
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